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STRONG GIRL

By . . .
William M. John

MRS. ASHLEY'S women friends spoke of her death as a real tragedy. What would become of Heather Ashley now? Fred Ashley was no man to have charge of a fourteen-year-old girl. He was weak where Heather was concerned.

Fred Ashley and his wife had come to Stone Crossing with the vanguard of farmers. They had opened a store, lured on by glowing promises of estate promoters, only to find themselves tied down to a hard bitter struggle against droughts and a hundred and one other worries.

Ashley and Heather rode to and from the cemetery in Sam Baldwin's car, the day of Mrs. Ashley's funeral.

"Just let me know if there's anything I can do," Mrs. Baldwin called after them on their return.

"Thank you, Mrs. Baldwin, I will," Ashley answered.

The next morning he arranged to have a woman come in twice a week to help with the work. That was more than Heather asked or wanted. Her mother had taught her the ways of housekeeping. But her father insisted. She must have time to keep up her music.

For nine years Heather had taken piano lessons from Mrs. Miller, wife of the principal of the Stone Crossing school. At six she and Tobey Miller had played a piano and violin duet at a church social, and played remarkably well, the minister's wife said, for children six and ten years old.

But Mrs. Miller had confided to her husband: "Heather Ashley will never make a real musician. She feels the music more with her body than her ears."

Order in the neat five-room cottage became disorder, but on the whole pleasant disorder.

Mrs. Baldwin came into the Ashley kitchen one evening in July, carrying a fresh cherry pie. From the front room came the sound of music, punctuated by a regular tapping.

"What's that?" Mrs. Baldwin asked Fred Ashley, tipping her head towards the door.

"Why, that's the radio. Heather's practising her dance steps," he explained simply.

Mrs. Baldwin frowned. "Her dance steps? Heather's taking dancing?"

Ashley shook his head. "No, she's just picking up a few steps by herself."

"She's given up her music and gone in for dancing! Fred, what would your wife think? She never held for dancing. We can't let children have all their own way."

Ashley held his breath. The father in him longed to shout: "There's nothing wrong about dancing. Heather's always wanted to dance. Her body feels music." But the father lacked courage and the merchant answered: "You may be right, Mrs. Baldwin."

On her way home Mrs. Baldwin leaned across a picket fence to ask Mrs. Jardine if she had ever heard the like.

"Fred Ashley allowing that child to learn fancy dancing! I've always said Fred was a weak man."

But Mrs. Baldwin's concern was comparatively short-lived. A new worry arose to occupy her mind. Without warning the miles of checkered prairie surrounding Stone Crossing were invaded by a grim and devastating enemy. Dust. Great clouds of powdered earth rolled up out of the east and south, blinding a man.

"This country's turned into a desert," Tom Harper grumbled, rubbing his bloodshot eyes. "Never goin' to get any more moisture in this part. We're through. This'll finish all of 'em that ain't wiped out already."

Heather was sitting on a back counter in the store.

"Is it as bad as Mr. Harper says it is?" she asked, when Harper had left.

"Nothing's ever as bad as people say it is," her father answered.

Heather sighed. "Well, that's good. And would you mind if I played in Tobey Miller's orchestra? He's getting one together. Four pieces. He wants me to play the piano and sing."

"But where would you play?" Ashley asked.

"At all the dances. Tobey says dust may stop farmers from farming but it won't stop them from dancing. Pete Gardo is going to have a dance in his hall every Saturday night again, beginning the first of September. He'll pay us each four dollars a night, and there'll be other dances, too."

Ashley winced. Four dollars a week. Had he a right to refuse?

"I guess it'll be all right, Baby, if you want to," he said.

Stone Crossing women were agreeably horrified, but not surprised.

"Merciful heavens, what does Fred Ashley mean by letting Heather go playing in Gardo's place? And with Tobey Miller?"

By all Stone Crossing standards Tobey Miller was a failure. A square-shouldered young man had no business wasting his time playing a violin. He should be at work on a ranch or in a store. But grudgingly Stone Crossing admitted that Tobey could make his fiddle talk.

And in a manner Tobey proved himself a sound economist; farmers would dance even though they couldn't farm. Pleasure. Anaesthesia, rather. They must forget.

. . . . . .

A second barren season and a third. More soil in suspension than under foot, it seemed. A bare trickle of money passed through the Ashley General Store.

Never a man to complain, Ashley hid the fear which roused him from sleep at three in the morning. He found more time to be with Heather. Occasionally in the afternoon he would leave the store and slip quietly into the front room, where she was practising her dance steps to the accompaniment of Tobey Miller's violin.

Resting his violin in the crook of his arm at the close of an hour's practice one day, Tobey beamed.

"Did you ever see such hands and feet, Mr. Ashley!" he cried. "She ought to be in Hollywood. In pictures. The way Heather can dance, she'd be at the top in no time."

In Hollywood. In pictures. Fred Ashley lay on his back and stared into the thickness of the night. He was cold, with a coldness no amount of cover could dispel. What had he done in allowing Heather to be so much with Tobey Miller? He could hear his wife's brusque "A pretty lot of tomfoolery for Tobey to be putting into the child's head." It was as though she were standing there beside his bed.

"But I've wanted Heather to be happy." He answered the accusation aloud. The sound of his voice quieted a little the pounding in his temples. "I've wanted her to be happy and there was so little I could do."

SIX weeks later Heather Ashley left Stone Crossing; left in a battered, wheezing, second-hand automobile, and with Tobey Miller.

What talk in the dust-smothered town!

"Too bad! Too bad! If the girl's mother had lived this would never have happened. Do you suppose Tobey'll marry her?"

"Marry her! Of course he won't. Not Tobey Miller. Perhaps Fred Ashley will wake up, now that it's too late."

Fred Ashley was awake.

A lamp had burned until dawn in the front room the night before Heather left. Ashley had sat beside it and listened, while Tobey and Heather talked.

"It's a chance in a lifetime, Mr. Ashley!" Tobey's hands flared in an expansive gesture. "This fellow Stern has given me a letter to his brother-in-law. Stern's only a travelling man, but his brother-in-law's one of the biggest directors in Hollywood. I've read a lot about him. Stern says he'll go the limit for anybody he sends out there."

The glamor of instant success! Ashley could hear Tobey and Heather talking of it as he went to his room where he kept the scant remainder of his capital. Dividing it, he gave a half to Heather.

"Take this, Baby. You'll need a little money until you get going. Write if you need more. I'll send it."

At dawn he carried Heather's suitcase to Tobey's battered automobile.

Twice again the capital was divided: once when Heather frankly asked assistance in a letter filled with opportunities about to be realised; and a second time, when false enthusiasm too patently masked discouragement.

Ashley spread and respread his remaining merchandise to cover shelves that were becoming bare.

"I'm sorry, but I'm out of that to-day. Neglected to put it on my list last time," he would apologise, bright points of red touching his high cheekbones.

For five months he carried on. Then, one afternoon, when dust ran in the street thicker than ever before and the prairie was a boiling cauldron, he locked the store doors and lowered the worn-green blinds.

. . . . . .

"What's happened to Fred Ashley?" Abel Tice, county treasurer, asked, the next time he visited Stone Crossing. "His place looks closed."

Victor Tice, his brother, was sorting mail in the corner of his own store set aside for the post office.

"He's broke, I'm afraid. Closed his store three weeks ago."

"Too bad," Abel Tice said. "I don't like to see him have to quit. Couldn't we use him here in the store? He has a lot of friends."

"Might use him. But I doubt if he'd come to work for us." Victor Tice replied. "Here's a letter from his girl in California. Gets one twice a week. I can take it over to him and sound him out."

"I'll take it," Abel Tice said reaching for his coat.

He found Ashley in the kitchen, warming a can of beans for lunch. Then feeling about until he found a plausible opening, for Abel Tice was a kindly man, he offered Ashley a place in his store.

Please turn to page 4

Ashley could hear Tobey and Heather talking excitedly of instant success.

Joyously, she danced her way onward to an exciting career.

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Howard crouched down with the children, waiting for the bombs to fall.

THE PIED PIPER

By NEVIL SHUTE

GRIEF-STRICKEN at the death of his squadron-leader son John, JOHN HOWARD, elderly retired Englishman, is trying to find consolation in a fishing holiday in France when the German invasion begins.

Deciding to return to England immediately, he agrees to take back with him RONNIE and SHEILA CAVANAGH, whose parents are unable to leave the country. But at Dijon Sheila falls ill.

Out in the town with Ronnie, Howard is warned that if he does not leave at once he will miss his last chance of getting out of France. He returns in distress to the hotel, where he has arranged for LA PETITE ROSE, niece of the housemaid, to mind Sheila.

Now read on:

UP in the bedroom things were very happy. La petite Rose was there, a shy little girl with long black hair and an advanced maternal instinct. Already Sheila was devoted to her.

La petite Rose had made a rabbit from two of Howard's dirty handkerchiefs and three little bits of string, and this rabbit had a burrow in the bedclothes on Ronnie's side of the bed; when you said "Boo" he dived back into his burrow, manipulated ingeniouslsy by la petite Rose.

Sheila, bright-eyed, struggled to tell old Howard all about it in mixed French and English. In the middle of their chatter three planes passed very low over the station and the hotel.

Howard undid his parcels and gave Sheila the picture book about Babar the Elephant. Babar was an old friend of la petite Rose, and well known; she took the book and drew Ronnie to the bed, and began to read the story to them.

Howard left them there, and went down to the restaurant where he ordered lunch to be sent up to the bedroom, both for himself and for the children.

It came presently, brought by the femme de chambre.

Howard said, "It has been very, very kind of you to let la petite Rose be with la petite Sheila. Already they are friends."

The woman spoke volubly: "It is nothing, monsieur—nothing at all. Rose likes more than anything to play with little children, or with kittens, or young dogs. Truly, she is a little mother, that one." She rubbed the child's head affectionately. "She will come back after luncheon, if monsieur desires."

Sheila said, "I want Rose to come back after luncheon, Monsieur Howard."

He said slowly, "You'd better go to sleep after luncheon." He turned to the woman. "If she could come back at four o'clock?" To Rose, "Would you like to come and have tea with us this afternoon—English tea?"

She said shyly, "Oui, monsieur."

She went away, and Howard gave the children their dinner. Sheila was still hot with a slight temperature. Later in the afternoon, when the children were asleep, he took a long walk.

When he returned, things were still happy in the bedroom. La petite Rose, it seemed, knew a game which involved the imitation of animals in endless repetition:

"My great-aunt lives in Tours,
In a house with a cherry tree
With a little mouse (squeak, squeak)
And a big lion (roar, roar).
And a wood pigeon (coo, coo) . . ."

and so on quite indefinitely. It was a game that made no great demand on the intelligence, and Sheila wanted nothing better. Presently they were all playing it; it was so that the femme de chambre found them.

She came in with tea, laughing all over her face. "In Touraine I learned that, as a little girl, myself," she said. "It is pretty, is it not? All children like 'My Great-Aunt Lives in Tours'—always, always."

They played a little more after tea; then Howard washed the children as the femme de chambre remade the bed. She helped him to undress them and put them into their new pyjamas. Sheila was obviously better; whatever had been wrong with her was passing off. It would not be right, he decided, to travel on the next day; he had no wish to be held up with another illness in less comfortable surroundings. But on the day after that, he thought, it should be possible to get away.

If they started very early in the morning they would get through to St. Malo in the day. He would see about the car that night.

Presently both the children were in bed, and were kissed good-night.

The old man went down to the lobby, and said to the girl, "I want to hire a car, not now, but the day after to-morrow—for a long journey. Can you tell me which garage would be the best?"

She said: "For a long journey, monsieur? How far?"

"To St. Malo, in Normandy. The little girl is still not very well. I think it will be easier to take her home by car."

She said doubtfully, "The Garage Citroen would be the best. But it will not be easy, monsieur. You understand—the cars have all been taken for the army. It would be easier to go by train."

He shook his head. "I'd rather go by car."

She eyed him for a moment. "Monsieur is going away, then, the day after to-morrow?"

"Yes, if the little girl is well enough to travel."

She said awkwardly, "I am desolated, but it will be necessary for monsieur to go then, at the latest. If the little one is still ill, we will try to find a room for monsieur in the town. But we have heard this afternoon, the hotel is to be taken over to-morrow by the Bureau Principal of the railway, from Paris."

He stared at her. "Are they moving the offices from Paris, then?"

She shook her head. "I only know what I have told you, monsieur. All our guests must leave."

He was silent for a minute. Then he said, "What did you say was the name of the garage?"

"The Garage Citroen, monsieur. I will telephone and ask them, if you wish."

He said, "Please do."

She turned away and went into the box; he waited at the desk, worried and anxious.

She came back presently. "It is impossible," she said. "There is no car available for such a journey. I regret—Monsieur Duval the proprietor of the garage regrets also—but monsieur will have to go by train."

Howard said wearily: "In that case, I shall stay here till the day after to-morrow. Then, if the little girl is well, we will go on by train."

He paused. "One thing, mademoiselle, I shall only be able to take one little bag for the three of us, that I can carry myself. If I leave my fishing rods, would you look after them for me for a time?"

"But certainly, monsieur. They will be quite safe."

He went into the restaurant and found a seat for dinner. It was a great relief to him that he had found a means to place his rods in safety.

He went up to the bedroom shortly after dinner. The femme de chambre met him in the corridor. "I have made monsieur a bed upon the floor," she said in a low tone. "You will see." She turned away, and he had the impression that she was sobbing.

"Is anything the matter?" he asked gently.

She lifted the corner of her apron to her eyes. "I am dismissed," she told him. "I am to go to-morrow."

He was amazed. "But why?"

She said, "Have you not heard? The hotel is closing to-morrow. It is to be an office for the railway." She raised her tear-stained face. "All of us are dismissed, monsieur. I do not know what will happen to me, and la petite Rose."

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The Pied Piper

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HE was dumbfounded, not knowing what to say to help the woman.

"You will be all right," he said at last. "It will be easy for so good a femme de chambre as you to get another job."

She shook her head. "It is not so. All the hotels are closing, and what family can now afford a servant? You are kind, monsieur, but it is not so. I do not know how we shall live."

"You have some relations, or family, that you can go to, no doubt?"

"There is nobody, monsieur. Only my brother, father of little Rose, and he is in England."

Howard remembered the wine waiter at the Dickens Hotel in Russell Square. He said a word or two of meagre comfort and optimism to the woman; presently he escaped into the bedroom.

When Howard awoke, the dawn was bright. The children were awake and playing in the bed; he lay for a while simulating sleep, and then got up. Sheila was cool, and apparently quite well.

Howard made his way to the kitchen to order breakfast, and found the femme de chambre in depressed consultation with the other servants.

"Monsieur is leaving to-morrow?" she said.

"I have to go away, because they want the room," he replied. "But I think the little girl is well enough to travel. I shall get her up for lunch, and then this afternoon she can come out for a little walk with us."

"Ah, that will be good for her. A little walk, in the sun." She hesitated, and then she said, "Monsieur is travelling direct to England?"

He nodded. "I shall not stay in Paris. I shall take the first train to St. Malo."

She turned her face up to him, lined and prematurely old, beseeching: "Monsieur—it is terrible to ask. Would you take la petite Rose with you, to England?"

He was silent; he did not quite know what to say to that. She went on hurriedly: "I have the money for the fare, monsieur. And Rose is a good little girl—oh, she is so good, that one. She would not trouble monsieur, no more than a little mouse."

Every instinct warned the old man that he must kill this thing stone dead—quick. He stared down at the tear-stained, anxious face, and temporised. "But why do you want to send her to England?" he asked. "The war will never come to Dijon."

The woman said, "I have no money, monsieur. Her father is in England, but he cannot send money to us here. It is better that she should go to England, now. In England she would be safe. Here in Dijon, I am afraid." She began to cry.

He patted her awkwardly upon the shoulder. "There," he said. "I will think about it this afternoon. It's not a thing to be decided in a hurry." He made his escape from her, and went down to the street.

Absent-mindedly he walked towards the centre of the town, wondering how he could evade the charge of another child. Presently he sat down in a cafe and ordered himself a bock.

From his chair upon the pavement he stared out upon the quiet, sunlit Place. Bad times were coming for the French; he and his children must get out of it, quickly. Children in France, if she were beaten down, would have a terrible time.

It was bad luck on little Rose—a pity that it was impossible to take her. In normal times he might have been glad of her; he had tried in Cidoton to find a young girl who would travel with them to Calais.

Was it impossible to take her?

He sat there miserably irresolute for half an hour. In the end he got up and walked slowly back to the hotel, desperately worried. In his appearance he had aged five years.

He met the femme de chambre upon the landing. "I have made up my mind," he said heavily. "La petite Rose may come with us to England. I will take her to her father. She must be ready to start to-morrow morning, at seven o'clock . . ."

The train they took next morning went slowly, stopping at every station and occasionally in between.

La petite Rose, looking very uncomfortable in her "Sunday best" black overcoat, white socks, and large black straw hat, had taken a self-possessed farewell of the pathetically tearful femme de chambre, and was soon absorbed in the interests of her first long journey.

For the last hour the children had been running up and down the corridor shouting, while the old man dozed uneasily in a corner of the compartment.

Howard was still dozing a little when the train pulled in to Joigny soon after one o'clock. It stood there in the station in the hot sunlight, interminably. Presently a man came down the corridor.

"Descendez, monsieur," he said. "This train goes no farther."

Howard stared up at him dumbfounded. "But—this is the Paris train?"

"It is necessary to change here. One must descend."

"When will the next train leave for Paris?"

"I do not know, monsieur. That is a military affair."

He got the children into their coats, gathered his things together, went straight to the stationmaster's office. There was an officer there.

"There will be no more trains for Paris, monsieur," he told Howard. "None at all. I cannot tell you why, but no more trains will run north from Joigny."

There was a finality in his tone that brooked no argument. The old man said, "I am travelling to St. Malo, for England, with these children. How would you advise me to get there?"

The young officer stared at him. "St. Malo? That is not the easiest journey now, monsieur." He thought for a moment.

"There would be trains from Chartres . . . And in one hour, at half-past two, there is an autobus for Montargis . . . You must go by Montargis, monsieur. By the autobus to Montargis, then to Pithiviers; from Pithiviers to Angerville, and from Angerville to Chartres. From Chartres you will be able to go by train to St. Malo."

He turned to an angry Frenchwoman behind Howard, and the old man was elbowed out of the way. He retired onto the platform, striving to remember the names of the places that he had just heard.

Then he thought of his little Baedeker and got it out, and traced the recommended course across country to Chartres. It skirted around Paris, sixty miles farther west. So long as there were buses one could get to Chartres that way, but Heaven alone knew how long it would take.

He knew the ropes where French country autobuses were concerned. He went and found the bus out in the station yard, and sat in it with the children. If he had been ten minutes later he would not have found a seat.

The bus became filled with a hot, sweating crowd of French country people. All were agitated and upset, all bore enormous packages with them, all were heading to the west.

Presently the driver climbed into his seat, and the grossly overloaded vehicle started.

The road was full of traffic. As far as Howard could see it was thronged with vehicles, all moving towards the west. He felt it really was a most extraordinary sight, a thing that he had never seen before, a population in migration.

After about two hours the bus drew off to the side of the road. The driver got down and looked under the hood. Howard and the children got out of the bus and rested at the side of the road. Howard gave the children sandwiches and milk from parcels that the femme de chambre had given them.

Presently Rose said she heard a plane.

"I hear it," Ronnie said. "Lots of planes."

Sheila said, "I want to hear the plane."

"Silly," said Ronnie. "There's lots of them. Can't you hear?"

The old man strained his ears. "Can you see where they are?" he asked nonchalantly. A cold fear lurked in the background of his mind.

The children scanned the sky. "Yes," said Rose, pointing suddenly. "Three planes—there."

Ronnie twisted around in excitement to Howard. "They're coming down towards us! Do you think we'll see them close?"

"Where are they?" Howard strained his eyes in the direction from which they had come.

Animal Antics

"I told you we shouldn't have escaped! Now we've been locked out!"

They watched the aircraft losing height towards the road, about two miles away. Howard expected to see them land among the fields beside the road, but they did not land. They flattened out and flew along just above the tree-tops, one on each side of the road and one behind flying down the middle.

A little crackling rattle sounded from them as they came. The old man stared, incredulous—it could not be . . .

Then, in quick succession, from the rear machine five bombs fell on the road. Howard saw the bombs actually leave the plane, saw five great spurts of flame upon the road, saw queer, odd fragments hurled into the air.

From the bus a woman shrieked, "The Germans!" and pandemonium broke loose.

The passengers around the bus dashed madly for the door, and jammed in a struggling, pitiful mob in the entrance. The machines flew on towards them, their machine-guns spitting flame.

There was no time to do anything, to go anywhere. Howard caught Sheila and Ronnie and pulled them close to him, flat upon the ground. He shouted to Rose to lie down, quickly.

Then the machines were on them, a burst of fire was poured into the bus from the machines; a stream of tracer bullets shot forward up the road from the centre aircraft. A few bullets flickered straight over Howard and his children on the grass and spattered in the ground a few yards behind them.

For a moment Howard saw the gunner in the rear cockpit as he fired at them. He was a young man, not more than twenty, and he was laughing as he fired.

Please turn to page 8

The only right way to buy a foundation garment at any time is to have it personally fitted, because only in that way can you be sure of the fit, and if a corset does not fit you it cannot do much else for you. In war-time, when every last ounce of wear must be obtained, it is sheer foolishness to take a chance with the fit of a corset—nor is there any need to do so, for most stores have expert Berlei-trained fitters to help you.

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Strong Girl

Continued from page 2

"THANKS, Abel," Ashley said, his eyes wandering about the kitchen. "I appreciate the offer. But if it wouldn't put you out, I'd like to think it over until tomorrow."

"Sure, sure, take your time, Fred." Tice shook hands and left.

Ashley carefully opened Heather's letter, and sat down in the old leather rocking chair. A blue slip of paper dropped into his lap as he drew the folded sheet from the envelope. With trembling fingers he retrieved it, turned it over, right side up, upside down, and saw it was a postal money order. There was another enclosure, too, a clipping from a Hollywood gossip sheet. It mentioned Heather's performance in a new production and said that she might be a sensation in a year or so.

His heart beat fast. He began reading Heather's letter.

"Dearest, I've been working for several weeks."

The writing blurred. All his strength seemed to have drained back into his heart.

"I was afraid to tell you, because it looked too good to last."

He tried to breathe slower, pressed two fingers against his lips.

"My part isn't big, and 'It Never Rains' is not a tremendous picture. But it's a chance. See the picture, if it gets to Stone Crossing. I'm the maid who goes to the ball to give the heroine a chance to elope with the count."

He opened his mouth and tried for a deep breath. That was better. That slowed down his heart a little.

"And, Beany, there's a ducky little store, a real open-air California store, opposite the apartment where we live. You'd be crazy about it. A world of love, Baby. (Mrs. Tobias Kent Miller, since yesterday at ten. Does that surprise you a little? Well, it did me, and I've known for years it might happen some day.)"

Married! Heather and Tobey married. A wave of contentment spread over him. He was suddenly very weary, with a drowsy, soothing weariness.

. . . . . .

As the lights went up after the first screening of "It Never Rains" in Stone Crossing, Mrs. Jardine nudged Mrs. Baldwin and whispered: "I wish you'd look at Fred Ashley sitting there with tears streaming down his cheeks!"

And Mrs. Baldwin answered:

"Wouldn't he! I've always said Fred Ashley was a weak man. It's good Heather inherited some of her mother's backbone."

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The Letter Behind the Clock

"That's the place," Kent said tensely, and Hassel began to dig.

By GARTH R. SPENCER

I STILL remember that night. Cold, rainy, and dark as the bottom of a well outside. Mother had cleared the supper table; the dishwater was singing on the stove when Dad walked in at the kitchen door. His face looked tired and strained. Without speaking he shook the rain from his hat and hung it on a nail.

Mother reached for a clean plate in the cupboard. "Sit down, Sam," she said. "I was hardly expecting you, but I've kept your food hot."

Dad shook his head. He came on into the sitting-room, and I started to get up out of his chair. But he didn't even look in that direction. Instead, backing up to the stove, he stood with his hands spread to the heat, staring across the room at the wall.

I watched him curiously. Always I had known him as a tall, stooped man, with shoulders sagged by ill-health. But to-night, in the lamplight, I noticed something more. It came with a shock of surprise that my dad was getting old.

Mother spoke from the kitchen. "Do you have to go back, Sam?"

"No," Dad said. He paused. "No, old Jake died—just before I came home."

"Well——"

Mother didn't finish, but I knew what she was thinking. What everyone would think—that it was a good thing for the community that old Jake Wirtz was gone.

Dad still stood by the stove. Presently he looked at me for the first time since he'd come in. "Son," he said abruptly, "you'd better hit for bed. You've got to start clearing that north forty in the morning."

I got up—I never argued with my dad—and started for the stairs. But a lump of bitterness grew in my breast. I had hoped Dad would hire a man to clear the forty. Since he hadn't, it meant no more school for me except the winter term. Part way up the stairs I stopped and looked back. I had heard Dad clear his throat. "Hattie!" he called.

Mother came in from the kitchen, wiping her hands. She stood there, waiting. Dad cleared his throat again.

"Hattie," he said, "If a man gave you something—gave it of his own free will—wouldn't you say that thing was yours, to keep and do with as you pleased?"

Mother looked puzzled. "Why—I should think so," she said.

Dad looked away, staring at the wall. "I don't reckon," he said slowly, "there ever was a man so generally despised as old Jake Wirtz—or ever deserved to be. But maybe he counted me his friend—I don't know."

"Sam," Mother said, "what do you mean?"

Dad drew a deep breath. "Along towards dark I saw Jake wasn't going to last much longer. He'd been unconscious all afternoon—moaning and groaning on that dirty cot against the wall. Charley Baggs was with me; he'd stopped on his way to town. We were talking about Jake's son, Tom. Do you remember him?"

Mother nodded. I remembered Tom, too. Years ago, before he ran away from home, he used to come over to our place. I liked him. Now that I was fourteen he must be twenty-three or four.

"We were talking about Tom," Dad went on, "when suddenly Jake quit his moaning and opened his eyes. He looked at us—Charley and me. After a moment he spoke: 'Boys,' he said, 'I'm not a-goin' to make it—I'm about to go. An' I want you to do me a favor. Will you do it for me, Charley?' 'What is it?' Charley asked. 'There's a letter behind the clock,' Jake said. 'I want you to take it to the sheriff. I want you to take it now.'

"Charley got the letter, in a dirty yellow envelope, and went outside. Jake waited until he heard his car leave. Then he looked at me. He was dying right then, but he grinned—that mean, crafty grin of his, the way he always grinned when he was scheming to do somebody harm. 'Sam,' he says, 'even after old Jake's dead an' gone he's a-goin' to be remembered a long time. Get that vinegar jar off the shelf, the third from the end. Bust it—an' what you find is yours!'

"I got the jar and shook it. There was something in it, all right, but it wouldn't come out. I swung the jar against the stove. It broke in a dozen pieces. Jake had been watching me, but now he sank back. I walked over to the bed and spoke to him. He was still grinning, but he was dead."

Dad stopped speaking. Mother waited a moment. Then, "What was in the jar, Sam?"

Dad's face grew tight. A little muscle twitched in his jaw. "Thirteen hundred dollars," he said. "Thirteen hundred in cash!"

I heard Mother give a gasp. My own heart turned a flip-flop. Thirteen hundred dollars! More money than I had ever seen. Enough to pay every cent we owed, and more. Dad could take some treatments at a good hospital. Mother could have a good coat, for once.

Dad was still talking. "I figure that money's ours, Hattie," he said. "Jake gave it to me; he knew what he was doing; he was in his right mind. There isn't any reason why I shouldn't keep it, is there?"

Mother bit her lip. "I suppose not—But I wonder why——"

"To keep his son, Tom, from getting it!" Dad said sharply. "You know how he always hated Tom—from the day of his birth. Jake hated him because he took after his mother; Jake hated any living thing that had a speck of decency about it." Dad stopped, and began pacing the floor. "I've seen that kid," he went on, "with his arms and legs completely black and blue. Jake had done it—pinching the kid to torture his wife. He made life unbearable for her; and when she finally died he was as much to blame as if he had hit her on the head with an axe!"

Dad stopped walking and looked at Mother. "But that's no reason why this money isn't mine."

"No," Mother said slowly. "No—"

I sat down on the stair step. My head was still whirling. I was glad Dad was going to keep the money. I thought again of all it would do for us. And I thought of one thing more: at White's Hardware there was a little single-shot, brass-lined twenty-two. A little dinger of a gun, if ever I had seen one! Once, getting up my courage, I'd asked Dad to get it for me. He'd shook his head; we couldn't afford it. Well, we could afford it now!

I was still thinking of the gun when I heard a car drive up by the house. I slipped back down into the sitting-room just as someone knocked and Dad opened the door. Sheriff Clint Brown walked into the room.

"Hello, Sam," the sheriff said. "How are you, Mrs. Kent? Sam, I came to talk to you and get some advice."

"Sit down, Clint," my dad said.

"Sam," Sheriff Brown went on, "you were with old Jake when he died. You know about that letter he sent me."

"Yes," Dad said.

"Well," Clint Brown took a dirty envelope from his pocket, "here it is—and I can't figure out what the deuce it means!"

Dad took the scrap of paper Clint Brown drew from the yellow envelope. It was wrapping paper, the kind that comes around meat. As Dad unfolded it I stepped closer and watched over his elbow. There was no writing, only some lines and pictures and a cross. Then suddenly it came to me that it was a map.

Dad studied it a long time. "It's Jake's farm," he said at last.

"Yes," the sheriff agreed. "There's his sheep pen, over on the east twenty. And that wavering line must be the creek. That tree is the big willow on the bank by the old ford. And that cross, marked twelve feet east and seven south, marks a spot somewhere in the creek."

"Twelve feet east and seven south," Dad repeated. "It would put it where the sheep cross at the ford, I'd guess. But what do you think the cross is for?"

The sheriff looked disappointed. "Didn't Jake give you any hint before he died?"

I looked at my dad. He was shaking his head. "He never said a word about what was in the envelope. Clint, it's possible that this is Jake's idea of a joke—that cross may not mean anything at all."

"No," Sheriff Brown disagreed. "It means something." He paused and laid a hand on Dad's knee. "Sam, do you suppose old Jake might have had some money hid out somewhere? Had you ever thought of that?"

Dad didn't answer. The muscle in his jaw twitched again.

"He made a little on the farm," Clint Brown went on, "and he never spent much, except for drink, since he got rid of that woman he brought up from Kansas City after his wife died."

Dad cleared his throat. When he spoke his voice sounded strained. "Clint, do you know what became of that Kansas City woman?"

"Why," Clint Brown said, "she went back to Kansas City, so Jake always said. Cleared out about the time Tom left home."

Dad said nothing and Clint Brown went on: "I remember her well. I had a carpenter shop in Cilo then, and I used to see her every time she came to town. Hardboiled and tough; tougher than any man. Tougher than Jake himself. She could make a goat blush. She used language I'd never even heard before. And drink—it must have been terrible for young Tom, living with those two."

"Clint," my dad said in that same strained voice, "Tom was just a kid—about fourteen. He had a picture of his mother hanging up over his bed. That woman used to take it down and spit on it and tramp it on the floor right before his eyes!"

Sheriff Brown swore softly, then begged my mother's pardon. "Somebody should have broke her neck," he said. "I remember Tom; a nice, quiet kid. Used to hang around my shop some. He liked guns. One day I gave him an old rim-fire twenty-five calibre pistol I had. It was the only one in the county and hard to get ammunition for, and, anyway, it was no good because the firing pin was broken. I gave it to him with a half-dozen shells I had left. He was tickled to death."

"Did you ever know where he went?" Dad asked.

"Why, sure, didn't you know? He went to Omaha—been there all the time. Got a job in a garage, and now he owns it himself. Doing pretty well, too. Married a nice girl and has a couple of kids—I phoned him to-night—about old Jake. He's coming in on the midnight train."

"Why don't you," Dad said, "just turn that map over to him?"

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ISLE OF JUNE

She looked like a lovely mermaid, basking in the sunshine. Steve wanted to fall in love with her for ever—and he did.

By SAMUEL CARTER

"WHY," said Joan, "did you have to wait until the day before Caleb gets here to ask me to marry you?"

"Would it have made any difference if I'd asked you sooner?"

"I guess I would have liked to hear you say it," Joan said quietly.

"But you wouldn't have married me?"

"I told you—I'm engaged to Caleb," Joan said.

"Then that's that," I said.

"Don't keep saying 'that's that'," said Joan in sudden fury. "You keep saying 'that's that' as if life were all sewed up in two words. I still don't know quite what you are—an American on a British Atlantic island. And you won't leave Nassau. And you won't do any work."

She was angry in a way I hadn't seen her angry before. And her cracks had made me angry, too.

"In the first place, I can't leave Nassau," I said. "You know that. My money's here in English pounds and I can't take it out. Everything I own is here; and as for not doing any work, I do plenty."

"You mean flying?"

"I mean teaching people to fly. If you think it's easy, you're crazy."

"Still, you get fun out of it."

"Good heavens," I yelled. "Do you have to hate the thing you're doing to make it worth while? You've been listening too much to Caleb."

"You leave Caleb out of it," said Joan, and marched off. It had been a silly quarrel. But it went deep, and implied the end of something that had meant a lot to me—something that had started just two weeks ago, the morning that we sent eleven men to England to the R.A.F.

At the airport these lads had shaken my hand, and said: "Thanks," in a sort of tight, grateful way. And I had walked away as soon as the Clipper left, feeling tired and feeling suddenly that if thirty-three were too old to fly in this war, then it must be thirty-three that was making me feel so old.

When I had first seen Joan, she had been lying on a tiny offshore island, sunbathing . . . her body outlined by the dark volcanic rock. Like a picture from a Norse myth, framed in a moving lace of surf. I caught my breath and throttled back the plane's motor, gliding towards where she lay tanned and svelte and exquisite. She didn't move, and I realised that the pounding of the surf was muffling the noise of the propeller. Until I was above her . . . till the shadow of the wing passed over her and Joan turned suddenly and looked up, startled.

I wanted to wave but didn't. I wanted to tell her she was lovely but I couldn't. I wanted to fall in love with her for ever, and I did.

It made disappointment and frustration and war seem very far away; and put a certain loveliness on earth to live for. And it made me want to shave and put on a clean shirt when I went to look for her that evening.

I searched around and then, in the rambling gardens of the British Colonial, I saw her—leaning on the sea wall.

"Hallo," I said, talking quickly. "I hope I didn't disturb you this afternoon. I didn't really see you till I got there—and I guess the surf drowned out my engine."

She turned her head, and brushed the blown hair from her face. Her eyes were frank in a quiet way that matched her voice.

"No, I was dreaming away in the sun," she said.

"There ought always to be a mermaid on that rock."

"I suppose we can pretend we have met before," Joan said.

"Well, anyway, we have now. My name's Steve Morley, and I live here."

"All the time?"

"Well, for the past four years . . . and before that, too."

We strolled up towards the centre of the gardens. She told me her name, and that she was from New York. She told me that she had brought her mother to Nassau to recuperate after an operation. She told me, too, that she would be going back to New York soon.

"Look," I said, as we neared the orchestra. "I have a small boat, just a sloop—but maybe you would let me take you sailing in the morning." And in a last appeal, I added: "It'll be all right—ask your mother."

Joan turned, and there were traces of a smile—as if she understood the added sacrifice.

"It might be nice," she said. "I'll talk to mother."

"I'll be at the jetty at ten," I said. "But I can wait till sundown."

The next morning I was checking reef points on the sloop when Joan called to me. She was standing on the jetty. As soon as her feet touched the deck, I cast off, and we drifted fast into the centre of the channel . . . till the wind filled out the sails and spray felt crisp against our faces.

"Would you like to sail her?" I asked.

"Yes," she said.

She managed the helm as if the boat were part of her—the way a pilot flies a plane.

"We used to do a lot of sailing up in Maine," she said. "Around Mount Desert."

"Haven Island?"

"Uhuh. All round there."

By the time we'd drifted into Shelley Bay we'd told each other more, I think, than either of us had intended to—what we'd done back in the States, the places that we knew in common, and the things we'd done with equal enthusiasm. Till she told me about Caleb—Caleb Jaeckle, of the Philadelphia and Newport Jaeckles. Their families were old friends; and in his father's bank he held responsibilities beyond his age. They would be married in the spring . . .

"He's awfully good to me," said Joan.

It was all she said about him.

"He'll be coming to join me on the fourteenth."

I told myself that I had only just met her, that it couldn't possibly matter. Besides, the fourteenth was eleven days away . . . and they were days we filled from breakfast time till midnight with the things we found we liked to do together.

And the fourth day I said: "Tomorrow I go back to work."

"You mean flying?"

"Yes," I said. "This has been a holiday, while the plane's been overhauled by the lads."

"Steve, would you teach me how?" Joan asked.

"How what?"

"How to fly."

"Well," I said, "It's tougher than it looks. There's no use starting it unless you're willing to keep at it."

"I don't start things and not go through with them," said Joan.

"All right," I said. "Come down to the airport at ten to-morrow."

She was good. She flew a plane the way she did everything, with courage and with quick perception.

She put in two hours a day—in half-hour stretches—which was as good as any of the kids had done before her. And she took it seriously, even to the point of going to bed early. Until one morning I stepped out of the plane on to the float and told her:

"O.K., you're on your own."

She opened the throttle with a quick smile of thanks—and in a minute she was in the air, a silver flash against the sky. I had soloed dozens of kids, and every time with a funny feeling of gratitude. But with Joan I thought suddenly: I love that girl. If anything should happen to her . . .

And then she was gliding towards the float. Her pontoons flecked the water, and she taxied up beside me.

That night we celebrated.

It was, I knew, our last night together. Caleb was arriving the next morning—and while it was silly, I guess, at such a time, to tell Joan that I loved her, I couldn't help it.

"There's an island on the other side of Sandy Cay—with palm trees growing from the bank and a small grove of casuarinas. The soil is almost good enough to grow things—" I said.

"Yes," said Joan.

"When I was a kid we used to sail out there and picnic. I liked it so much that dad bought it; and he used to say that I could live there after I got married. When he died, I used to go out there alone and rake up seaweed and keep the beach clear."

"It's yours now?" Joan asked.

"Yes, it's mine now. But I don't go out there often any more. Joan . . . look . . ." And then I told her. As she listened, she looked down into her open hands, her small mouth puckered like a child's. "Why did you have to wait until the day before Caleb gets here to ask me to marry you?" she said, with tears that suddenly turned to anger.

Sensibly, I should never have seen Joan again after that. But we had agreed at the start to keep on with the flying lessons, and that part of it was right. And while I didn't want to be there when she met Caleb, I had promised long before to help him through the Customs at the airport.

When I got there, Joan was waiting. For a minute I had an overwhelming sense of what I was about to lose. And then the Clipper came to rest beside the float, and Caleb Jaeckle stepped out, handsome in a portly, self-assured way. As he kissed Joan, I heard her say:

"Darling, they call this the Isle of June. We could be married here."

And Caleb said: "Listen, honey, guess who was on that plane! Herbert Ayres of International Pictures. There's a chance of getting that account for the bank. We've got to be nice to him."

Joan turned to me. "This is Mr. Morley," she said. "He came to help you through the Customs."

"Well!" Jaeckle said to me indignantly. "You know what they did to my friend, Mr. Ayres?"

"No, what?"

"They took his camera! He was counting on some movies from the air."

"It's a wartime precaution," I said. "They don't want pictures taken of the coastline."

"But look here——"

"He'll get his camera back as he goes through the Customs. If you like, I'll get it for him."

"Yes, you'd better," Caleb said.

I went and got the camera from the Clipper steward.

"There," I said. "But tell your friend they're pretty touchy about taking pictures from the air, or on the water."

"Steve's teaching me to fly," said Joan.

"Who's Steve?"

"This is Steve," I said.

"Do you think it's safe?" said Jaeckle.

"You only crack up once," I said.

"Well, I don't think it's safe," said Jaeckle. "Besides, we'll have plenty to do with entertaining Mr. Ayres."

And it seemed they did have, because I saw them at the "Prince George" bar at two o'clock in the morning, and there was no sign of the party breaking up. The next morning Joan showed up for her lesson, pale and tired-eyed.

"I feel awful," she said.

"What's the idea?"

"Caleb is treating Mr. Ayres."

"No flying, then," I said. She had been doing well till then; I felt discouraged. And Joan looked suddenly so wretched that I asked her: "What time do you have to be back?"

"Noonish, I guess," said Joan miserably. "Caleb's sleeping late."

"O.K., let's have a swim then. You'll feel better."

We took one of the small launches to the island where I'd first seen Joan, and pulled it up on to the beach. Joan said: "Steve, I'm going swimming."

When the launch was high up on the beach I turned to see her brown arms moving fleetly through the water, with an ache that was like the memory of something loved and lost. And then I looked up and saw Caleb Jaeckle twenty feet away.

The hostile look he gave me deepened as he looked out to sea. "Isn't that Joan out there?" he said.

"Well!" said Caleb. His face turned slowly scarlet with jealousy and annoyance. Then he turned abruptly and walked away. He was half-way back across the cliffs, when a big wave caught Joan and tossed her at my feet, in sand and froth and foaming water, laughing.

"I got you into trouble," I said.

"No, I got myself into trouble," Joan said, sobering. "I guess I ought to go back, Steve."

"I hope you make it up, Joan."

"Oh, I will," said Joan quietly.

And it seems she did somehow, because that night I saw them at the "Savoy" with Mr. Ayres; and the next morning was the first time she didn't show up for a lesson.

That night I drifted down to the

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From her rocky islet, Joan suddenly looked up in surprise.

Pickwick Club. There were only two other people there, and one was Tolifer Tenner.

Tolifer used to be assistant governor-general, and now was head of home defence. It was Tenner who had barred all cameras from the Clippers that approached the island. He was pretty serious about his job.

"Any signs of the enemy?" I asked him.

"You think it's funny," Tenner said. "I don't."

"You think that's why I'm training kids to fly?"

Tenner scowled. We always talked like that, but actually we liked and trusted each other.

"Now that the States are in the war, these islands are daily becoming more and more strategic."

"Then you want to watch out for a guy named Jaeckle," I said darkly. "It might be a German name."

"Jaeckle!" said Tenner quickly. "What about him?"

"I don't know," I said. "I just don't like his looks."

"Keep your eye on him," said Tenner. "You and I should work together, Steve. If anybody seems suspicious to you, let me know."

"Okay," I said.

In spite of Caleb's poor view of me he still thought I was safe for Joan—while he was playing golf with Mr. Ayres. But Joan remained on call for any time that Caleb wanted her. No more running carefree through the surf, or lying in the sun on special beaches. No more flying either—except once, when Caleb invited Mr. Ayres out fishing, and discovered he was biased against taking women out on fishing trips.

"That's all right," Joan had insisted, but her eyes were red and misty when she showed up at the airport unexpectedly. I hadn't meant to fly that day. There was a strong wind, and a sea outside, but in the harbor it was almost calm enough to take off, and I didn't want to disappoint her.

We took off—and I looked at Joan. Her spirits seemed to rise with every hundred feet of altitude. Her eyes were bright and eager for the first time since she had had to give up flying.

"Hallo," I shouted.

"Hallo," Joan called back to me above the steady drumming of the engine.

We headed down the island. Five thousand feet below us, Goulding Cay lay just outside the western jaws of the island, and a solitary boat was drifting pointlessly beyond it.

"That looks like your friends," I shouted. "They picked a rotten place to fish."

I dipped a wing, and Joan peered down. "I don't think they are fishing," she said. "I think they're stuck."

"I guess you're right," I said.

In the cockpit Caleb was waving at us.

"What's the matter with him?" I wondered.

"We'd better sit her down and see," said Joan.

There was a heavy swell off Goulding Cay and white caps were running.

"No can do," I said. "We'll let them know we've seen them, and go back for help. They're probably just out of petrol."

"No," said Joan. "Please, Steve. They may be in trouble. We can't fly away and leave them."

I looked at her and her eyes were pleading. She won't ever let him down, I thought. And yet to risk a landing in a sea like that was dangerous, and I told her so.

"But you can put it down all right," said Joan. "I know you can. Please!"

I nosed her down, half-throttle, and we started to lose height, our wing unsteady in the high wind. As we neared the water it looked angrier than I'd expected. Cautiously I eased the stick back, and our pontoons smacked a wave with shuddering force—bounced clear an instant—and then settled roughly on the water. I opened the throttle wider and we taxied to the launch.

"What's the matter?" Joan called.

"I don't know," said Caleb. "Engine trouble."

"Get out the boat hook and keep us off," I said. "Not on the struts! On the pontoons!"

I JUMPED from the seaplane to the launch. The engine cover was off, and they'd removed the sparking plugs. They had taken pretty nearly everything apart, I thought; there was no telling what was wrong.

"You'll need a good mechanic with a lot of spare time," I said. "We can send one out as soon as we get back."

Fifteen minutes later we were at the airport, and Joan phoned the hotel. They would send a boat out right away, they told her. Joan said: "Wait till I can get there, to go with you."

"You don't have to go," I told her.

"But I want to," Joan said.

And she left me in a taxi. It was sundown, and the wind was blowing up for a storm. I waited for an hour and a half; then called the hotel. Yes—they'd just come in, the desk clerk told me. Mr. Jaeckle was having dinner sent up to his room, for three.

I went down to the Pickwick Club for company—for any company at all. Tolifer Tenner was sitting at the bar.

"A good night for invasion," I suggested.

Tolifer scowled a minute, pondering the idea then laughed unappreciatively.

I had double Scotch and soda, and another.

"I say, I never saw you drink like that," said Tenner.

"Well, I'm celebrating," I said. "Somebody I don't like's going home to-morrow."

"Oh," said Tenner.

"And he's taking somebody I do like with him."

I woke up next morning with a headache, and the empty memory that it was Joan's last day. That night at seven she and Caleb would be sailing for Miami. Almost certainly they'd want to have this final day together, but I called Joan on a chance—and got her.

"You won't have a minute free?" I asked her. "I'd just like to say good-bye."

"I've got all day," said Joan surprisingly. "Caleb's taking Bert Ayres to the tennis matches."

"How about a last flight, then?" I asked her.

"I'd love it," Joan said quickly.

She was packing when I came to pick her up—concealing flat, square boxes in the folds of a linen play suit.

"What are those?" I asked her.

"They belong to Bert Ayres."

"Bert Ayres?"

"He asked Caleb if we'd sneak them past the Customs for him."

"He's got a nerve," I said. "Why doesn't he take them through the Customs himself?"

"Well—Caleb suggested I could put them with my things. Inspectors are less likely to go through a woman's suitcase."

"And besides," I said sarcastically, "we wouldn't let Bert Ayres run the risk of getting caught at smuggling, would we? Not when he might become a client of the bank."

Joan turned away. "Caleb is just trying to get business," she said quietly. "You can't blame him for that."

We were close to another useless quarrel, and kept quiet till we reached the airport. It was a smooth-to-glassy day. The ship planed on the step for fifty yards, then lifted gently in a parting wave of spray. We climbed and banked, heading out to sea.

"There," I said finally, pointing down along the dipped wing. "There's the island dad bought. You can see the cove we used to anchor in. And there's the beach—and just beyond that is the clearing you could build a house on if you wanted to."

"Oh . . ." Joan cried, leaning forward. "Could I get a snapshot of it?"

"No," I said. "No photographs of coastlines. There's a war on."

"I'll always remember what it looks like, anyway," said Joan. Her head was turned back towards the island, as we made for Shelley Beach.

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The Pied Piper

Continued from page 4

THEN the two flanking aircraft had passed, and the centre one was very near. Looking up, the old man could see the bombs slung in their racks beneath the wing; he watched in agony for them to fall. They did not fall. The machine passed by them, not a hundred feet away.

He watched it as it went, sick with relief. He saw the bombs leave the machine three hundred yards up the road, and watched dumbly as the debris flew upward. He saw the wheel of a cart go sailing through the air, to land in the field.

Then the machines vanished in the distance; presently Howard heard the thunder of another load of bombs upon the road.

He released the children and sat up upon the grass. Ronnie was flushed and excited. "Weren't they close!" he said. "I did see them well. Did you see them well, Sheila? Did you hear them firing the guns?"

He was ecstatically pleased. Sheila was quite unaffected. She said: "May I have an orange?"

Howard said slowly and mechanically: "No, you've had enough to eat. Drink up your milk." He turned to Rose, and found her inclined to tears. He knelt up and moved over to her. "Did anything hit you?" he asked in French.

She shook her head dumbly.

"Don't cry, then," he said kindly. "Come and drink your milk."

She turned her face up to him. "Are they coming back? I don't like the noise they make."

He patted her on the shoulder. "Never mind," he said, a little unsteadily. "The noise won't hurt you. I don't think they're coming back." He filled up the one cup with milk and gave it to her. "Have a drink."

Ronnie said: "I wasn't frightened, was I?"

Sheila echoed: "I wasn't frightened, was I?"

The old man said patiently: "Nobody was frightened. Rose doesn't like that sort of noise, but that's not being frightened." He stared over to the little crowd around the bus. Something had happened there, he must go and see. "You can have an orange," he said. "One third each. Will you peel it, Rose?"

"Mais oui, monsieur."

He left the children happy in the prospect of more food, and went slowly to the bus. There was a violent and distracted clamor from the crowd; most of the women in tears of fright and rage. But, to his astonishment, there were no casualties save one old woman who had lost two fingers of her left hand, severed cleanly near the knuckles by a bullet.

Three women, well accustomed to first aid in accidents upon the farm, were tending her, not inexpertly.

There was nothing he could do to help. His attention was attracted by a gloomy little knot of men around the driver of the bus; they were staring despondently at the engine. "It won't go further," one of them said.

It took a moment or two for the full meaning of this to come home to Howard. "What does one do now?" he asked the driver. "Will there be another bus?"

"Not unless they find a madman for a driver." There was a strained silence. Then the driver said: "You must go on by foot."

It became apparent to Howard that this was nothing but the ugly truth. It was about four in the afternoon, and Montargis was twenty-five kilometres, say fifteen miles, farther on, nearer to them than Jolgny.

It was appalling, but it was the only thing. He and the children would have to walk, very likely the whole way to Montargis.

He went into the wrecked body of the bus and collected their things, the two attache cases, the little suitcase, and the remaining parcels of food.

He carried his burdens back to the children and laid them down upon the grass. It was impossible to take the suitcase with them. He packed it with the things that they could spare most easily, and left it in the bus in the faint hope that one day it might somehow be retrieved. That left the two bulging little cases and the parcels of food. He could carry those himself.

"We are going to walk on to Montargis," he explained to the children. "The bus won't go."

"Why not?" asked Ronnie.

"There's something the matter with the engine."

"Oh—may I go and see?"

Howard said firmly, "Not now. We're just going to walk on."

They started out to walk in the direction of Montargis. They went very slowly, limited by the rate at which Sheila walked, which was slow.

Presently they came to the place where the second load of bombs had dropped. There was a little crowd of people busy at the side of the road. Too late, he thought, to make a detour from what he feared to let the children see.

Ronnie said clearly and with interest: "Are those dead people, Mr. Howard?"

He steered them over the other side of the road. "Yes," he said, quietly. "You must be very sorry for them."

"May I go and see?"

"No," he said. "You mustn't go and look at people when they're dead. They want to be left alone."

"Dead people do look funny, don't they, Mr. Howard?"

He could not think of what to say to that one, and herded them past in silence. Sheila was singing a little song, and showed no interest. Rose crossed herself and walked by quickly with averted eyes.

They passed other casualties, but the children seemed to take little interest. He shepherded them along as quickly as he could; when they had passed the target for the final load of bombs there would probably be an end to this parade of death. He could see that place now, half a mile ahead. There were two motor cars jammed in the road, and several trees seemed to have fallen. One of the cars was wrecked beyond redemption. A tree had fallen straight on top of it, crushing the roof down.

Four men, from a decrepit old car, were struggling to lift the tree aside to clear the road for their own car to pass. On the grass verge a quiet heap was roughly covered by a rug.

Pulling and heaving, the men cleared a narrow passage with great difficulty. They wiped their brows, and clambered back into their old two-seater. Howard stopped by them as the driver started his engine.

"Killed?" he asked quietly.

The man said bitterly, "What do you think? The filthy Boches!" he let the clutch in, and the car moved slowly forward. Fifty yards up the road it stopped. One of the men leaned back and shouted at him. "You—with the children. Look out for the little boy!"

They let the clutch in, and drove on. Howard looked down in bewilderment at Rose. "What did he mean? There's no little boy here."

Ronnie said, "There's only dead people here. Under that rug." He pointed with his finger.

Sheila awoke to the world about her. "I want to see the dead people."

The old man took her hand firmly in his own.

"Nobody goes to look at them," he said. "I told you that." He stared around him in bewilderment.

Sheila said, "Well, may I go and play with the boy?"

"There's no boy here, my dear."

"Yes, there is. Over there."

She pointed to the far side of the road. A little boy of five or six was standing there in fact, utterly motionless. He was dressed in grey—grey stockings above the knee, grey shorts, and a grey jersey. He was standing absolutely still, staring down the road towards them. His face was a dead, greyish-white in color.

Howard caught his breath at the sight of him, and said very softly, "Oh, my heaven!" He had never seen a child looking like that in all his seventy years.

He crossed quickly over to him, the children following. The little boy stood motionless as he approached, staring at him vacantly. The old man said, "Are you hurt at all?"

There was no answer. The child did not appear to have heard him.

"Don't be afraid," Howard said. Awkwardly he dropped down on one knee. "What is your name?"

There was no answer.

Howard got to his feet again, desperately perplexed. He crossed quickly to the other side of the road, telling the children to stay where they were, and lifted up a corner of the rug. They were a fairly well-dressed couple, not more than thirty years old, terribly mutilated in death. He nerved himself, and opened the man's coat.

There was a wallet in the inside pocket; he opened it, and there was the identity card. Jean Duchot, of 8 bis, Rue de la Victoire, Lille.

HE took the wallet and some letters, and stuffed them into his pocket; he would turn them over to the next gendarme he saw.

He went back to the children. He said to Rose and Ronnie, "You take one of the cases each, for a little bit." He went up to the little boy and said to him, "Will you come with us? We're all going to Montargis."

There was no answer, no sign that he had heard.

For a moment Howard stood in perplexity; then he stooped and took the boy's hand. In that hot afternoon it was a chilly, damp hand that he felt. "Come," he said with gentle firmness, "we're going to Montargis." He turned to the road; the boy in grey stirred and trotted docilely beside him.

Leading one child with either hand, the old man strolled down the long road, and the other children followed behind, each with a case.

More traffic overtook Howard and his little band, and now there was noticeable a greater proportion of military lorries mingled with the cars; the dust they made was very trying to the children.

At a wayside farm, where they stopped to ask for a drink, Howard caught sight of an ancient perambulator in a shed, and purchased it from the old peasant farmer, thinking it might prove useful on the road. Rather to his surprise nobody wanted to ride in it, but they all wanted to push it. He found it necessary to arrange turns. "The youngest first," he said. "Sheila can push it first."

Rose said, "May I take off my shoes? They hurt my feet. One does not wear shoes at all except in Dijon."

It seemed that she was genuinely used to going without shoes. After some hesitation he agreed to let her try it, and found that she moved freely and easily over the roughest part of the road. He put her shoes and stockings in the pram, and spent the next quarter of an hour refusing urgent applications from the English children to copy her example.

Presently Sheila tired of pushing. Rose said, "Now it is the turn of Pierre." In motherly fashion she turned to the little boy in grey. "Now, Pierre. Like this." She brought him to the pram, still white-faced and listless, put his hands on the cracked china handles and began to push it with him.

Howard said to her, "How do you know his name is Pierre?"

She stared at him. "He said so—at the farm."

The old man had not heard a word from the little boy. Indeed, he had been secretly afraid that he had lost the power of speech. Now for the first time he was reminded of the gulf that separated him from the children, the gulf that stretches between youth and age.

Evening was coming upon them, and it was time for them to find a lodging for the night.

Again Howard struck a bargain at a small farm, with an old peasant woman who agreed to let them sleep in the hayloft, supplying them with food and a couple of old blankets.

To be continued

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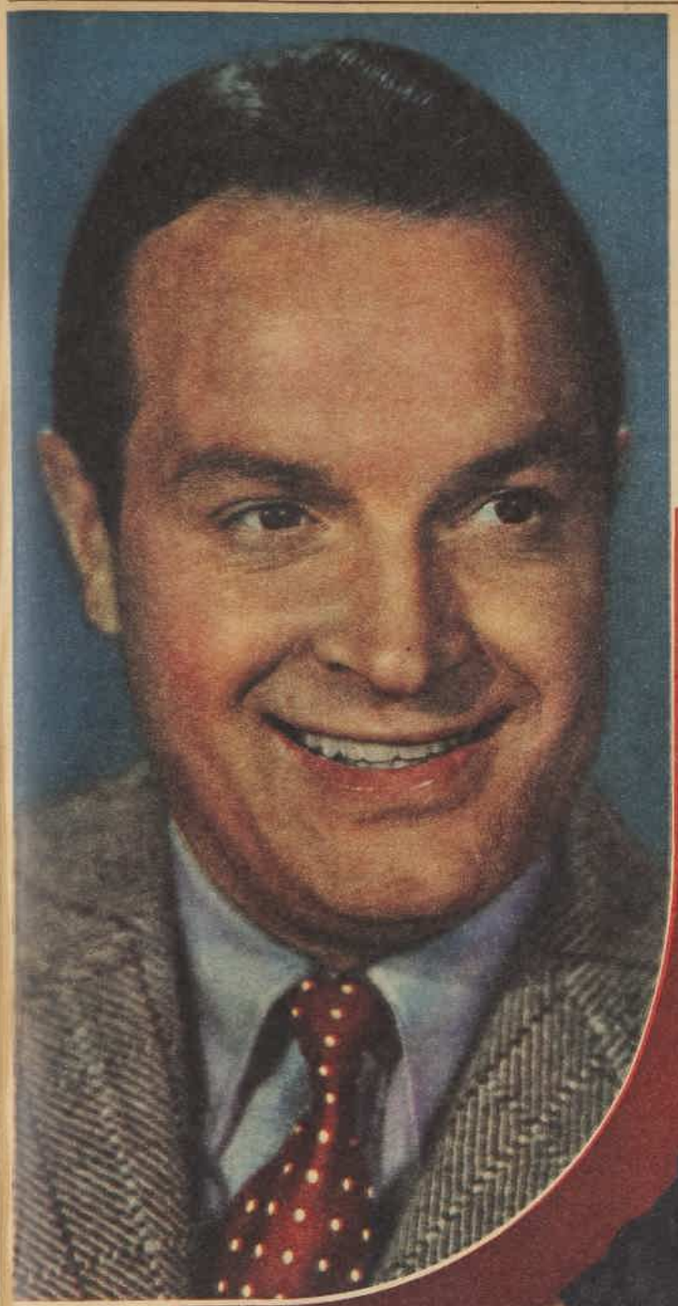

Movie World

FLAGS FLY ... for Hollywood's gallant fighting men

By VIOLA MacDONALD, in Hollywood

EVERY Hollywood studio now flies a flag from its main building. It's composed of blue stars on a white background, each star representing one former employee who is now in the armed forces.

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer leads with four hundred and fifty stars. Latest stars on this studio's flag stand for Dan Dailey, in the Army, and Richard Ney, an ensign in the Navy.

Universal has two hundred—Robert Stack making up the round total. A crack shot who has won many trophies, Stack is now hunting Japs as a naval gunner.

Twentieth Century-Fox displays two hundred and sixty-seven stars—and that includes George Montgomery, who is preparing to enter the Merchant Marine.

On this studio's flag are two gold stars representing men who have already lost their lives in the service of their country.

The Warner Brothers have sewn two new blue stars on their flag as the Mauch twins, Billy and Bobby, former actors who have worked in the cutting department for the past few years, have joined up.

Next week another goes on for Raymond Massey, who is joining the Canadian Army, just as soon as he completes "Action in the North Atlantic," the story of the heroic Merchant Marine en route to Murmansk.

Massey's son, eighteen-year-old Geoffrey, is in the Royal Canadian Air Force.

• Two Paramount war workers. Cheerful, popular Bob Hope, who has just returned from a concert tour of U.S. Army camps in Alaska, and is now planning to fly to Ireland soon and entertain American troops there. Bob's next film will be "They Got Me Covered."

• Gracious Claudette Colbert, who will be seen next in "So Proudly We Hail," story of the courageous nurses at Bataan during the Philippine campaign. Off screen she is an enthusiastic worker for the Hollywood Services Canteen.

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FORD PILLS

1 ON EVE OF WEDDING to shipping boss' daughter Terry (Cobina Wright) Jay (Payne) is sent to Havana, where company's ship has run aground with tourists aboard.

ROMANCE IN CUBA

TWENTIETH CENTURY-FOX'S "Week-end in Havana" is a technicolor musical involving blonde Alice Faye, brunette Carmen Miranda, John Payne, and Cesar Romero in a medley of farce and romance.

Alice portrays the salesgirl who has saved up her pennies for a glamor cruise to Havana. Romero is the fascinating—if untrustworthy—Cuban, Payne the young representative of the shipping company.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

2 ALL the passengers accept compensation except shopgirl Nan (Alice Faye), inconsolable at ruin of holiday.

3 AT company's expense Jay flies Nan to Havana's most luxurious hotel, which stars Rosita (Miranda).

4 SECRETLY Jay hires penniless adventurer Monte (Romero) to entertain Nan, but the showdown comes.

5 MATTERS become even more involved when suspicious Terry flies from New York in quest of Jay

6 WILY TERRY insults Nan by paying her off by cheque, which Nan angrily hands on to Monte.

7 LEARNING BY CHANCE Jay had nothing to do with this cheque, Nan gets it back from Monte, plans to expose Terry's scheming and let Monte himself wed Rosita.

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RUDDY ☐	BROWN ☐		NECK ☐
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I talked with Nelson Eddy...

HE GETS THE MOST FAN LETTERS FROM AUSTRALIA

Special Hollywood interview cabled from VIOLA MACDONALD

• *Nelson Eddy in his Victory vegetable garden, where he works every day. The Eddy speciality is tomatoes, which keep both his friends and war-benefit bazaars supplied.*

WHEN I interviewed handsome, blond Nelson Eddy between rehearsals of his radio programme, he did not give himself a second's rest—he studied his air-raid warden's handbook while the musicians warmed up for his next song number, which was "Magic of Your Love," from "Balalaika."

Eddy said, "Yes, I am an air-raid warden in my district, and I'm on duty to-night. After the programme I must hurry to a meeting where the senior warden, Fred MacMurray, my boss, is giving incendiary bomb instruction.

"Fred is a terror for discipline and punctuality," smiled Nelson, adding, "My wife, Anne, is a daytime warden. At the present time she is soliciting blood donations for the Red Cross blood bank."

When Nelson was called to the microphone I studied evidences of his personality in the theatre dressing-room, which he occupies while rehearsing his weekly radio programme. I noticed that there were several Russian books on the table, also Russian records, a concertina in the corner, and a lump of modelling clay.

Nelson explained things on his return. "I am learning Russian, which has interested me for years, as Russian music is my favorite. I started teaching myself with books, now a Russian actress is teaching me the correct pronunciation. The phonograph records help me to study my pronunciation faults.

"Oh, and that clay over there is the beginning of a child's head, which I am sculpturing. I am no artist, but I enjoy the work.

"The concertina is to be given to the Marine Corps unit, as I find my attempts to play it are hopeless, and they need an instrument in the recreation hall."

Nelson, who is tireless in his work of entertaining the troops, and gives a weekly concert for the boys, told me he is most often requested to sing familiar tunes—for example, "Danny Boy," "Trees," and "Rose Marie."

Nelson is no longer at Metro, but said he cannot say when or what his next film will be. He admitted there was a possibility that he and Jeanette would be reunited, as she is no longer at Metro either. This seems the opportunity for some enterprising producer to sign up both.

Of course, you in Australia have yet to see Nelson's two final films for Metro—"I Married An Angel" (with Jeanette MacDonald) and "Lucky Number" (with Kathryn Grayson.

Nelson revealed to me that he has a keen interest in Australia and New Zealand, from which he receives the most fan letters. "Last Christmas," he said, "my friends 'down under' sent me hundreds of beautiful Christmas cards, all of which I saved in a huge clothes-basket."

• *Eddy, with his wife, the former Anne Franklin. Like Nelson, she is an air-raid warden — on daytime duty; and is also a Red Cross worker.*

Nelson leaves shortly on his annual concert tour, when, accompanied by a pianist, he will tour key cities for three months. He declared he has no favorite song and tries to sing what audiences wish, but admitted his favorite screen role was in "Naughty Marietta."

As Nelson went to the microphone to resume his singing at the radio station, the stenographer heaved a sigh and remarked: "I wouldn't mind being caught in an air raid if Nelson were the district warden, would you?" Nelson keeps a fine physique and good tan by enthusiastic Victory gardening.

Stage-folk flock to cameras

From ANNE MATHESON in London

BRITISH personalities from variety, radio, and the stage are plunging with zest into film work this season.

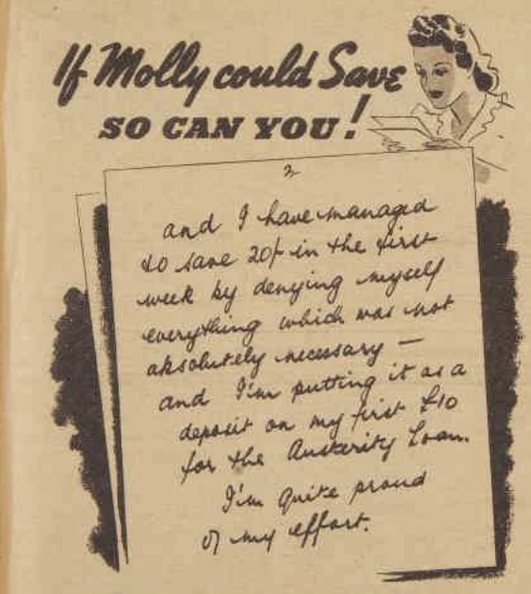
Comedian Stanley Holloway (of "Albert and the Lions") is playing a member of an ordinary English suburban family in the British National picture, "Salute John Citizen."

This story, which takes its family through the days of peace as well as war, features also music-hall favorite Mabel Constanduros and that indefatigable old trouper, George Robey.

Most of the cast of the West End production of "When We Are Married" have moved down to Denham to replay this J. B. Priestley comedy before the cameras. The lead is taken by Sydney Howard, who hasn't made any films for some time, but who is delighted to be back again.

Young recruits from the chorus and revue are six girls, all to be a "Miss London," in Gainsborough's "Miss London Ltd." Two of them are brunettes—Sheila Bligh and Iris Land. Three of them are blondes—Virginia Keiley, Una Sheppard, and Noni Brooke. Jean Carr is the redhead.

They were picked by director Val Guest, who spent months film-testing 130 applicants for glamor. Guest is so delighted with his six that he is not going to lose them after "Miss London Ltd." is finished. He has the idea of forming them into a kind of repertory company for future films.



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"... Stop waggling that woolly dog at me. I'm out of sorts.

"Now look—I'm getting red and prickly! This puffing's got me overheated. Hey—where you going?

"... Ohh—Johnson's Baby Powder! Hmm—well, maybe I *might* sit on your lap *temporarily*. Until I've had a sprinkle and . . . Aaaaah! That silky, soothy powder *is* nice. So cool and comforting!

"What—no more? But, Mommy, you *can't* stop here! . . . Oh—*your* feelings are hurt now. The things I said—

"Well, I'll give you a big kiss. You give me some more of that lovely Johnson's. And we'll both be happy!"

"Nothing keeps a baby quite so joyful as regular rubs with Johnson's Baby Powder! It's inexpensive, too!"

J.P.B.2

JOHNSON'S BABY POWDER

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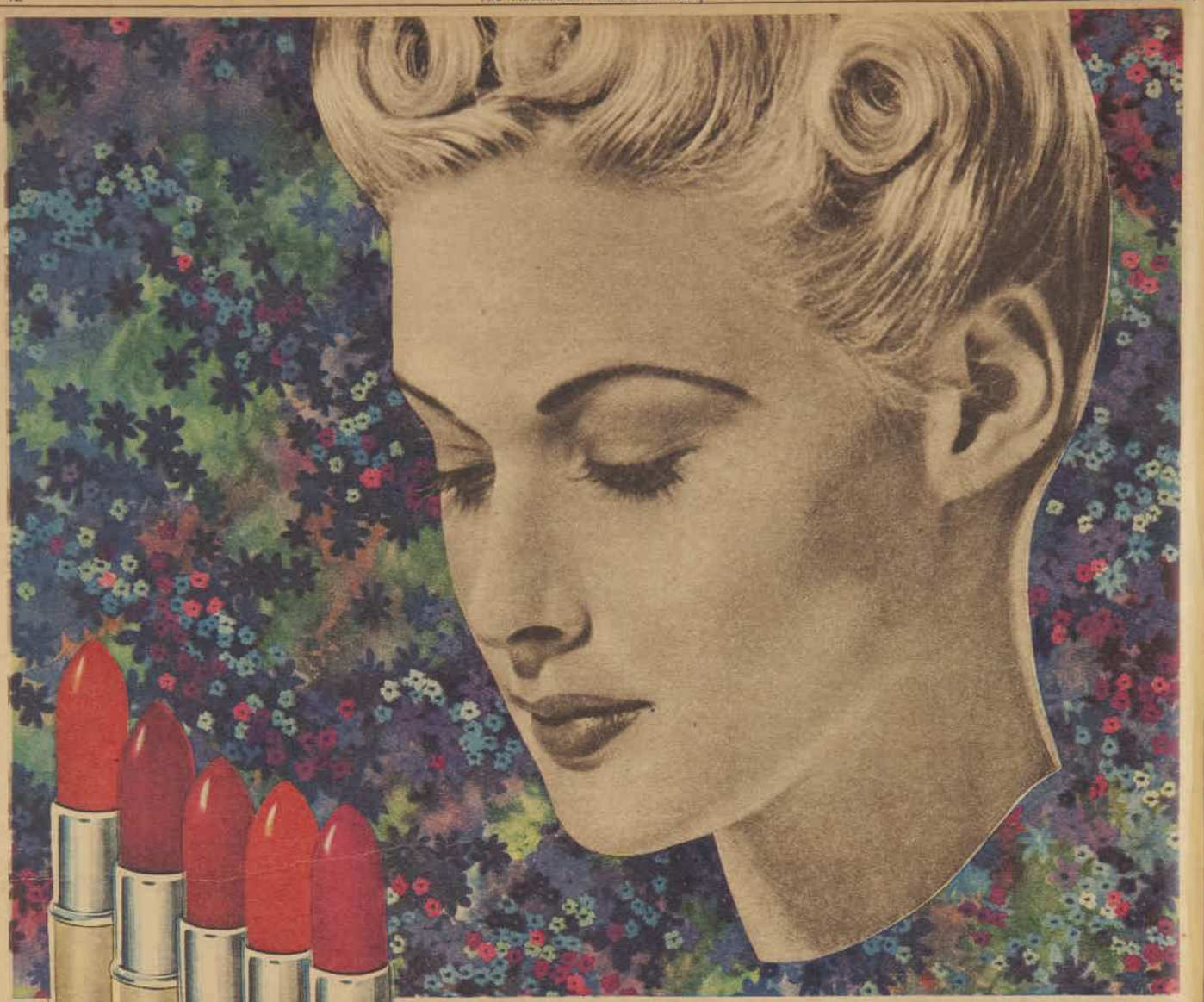

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HOME . . . with Moresby mud still on their boots

BACK FROM NEW GUINEA. Privates Jack Tyrer, of Camperdown; Bob Algie, of Beverley Hills; and Keith Simpson, of West Ryde.

CORPORAL CHARLIE AUSTIN, of Concord, brought back two native walking-sticks from Lae.

Wounded, back from Kokoda, say Aussies have Japs' number up

By BILL CALDBECK MOORE

It was raining (I thought heavily) when I met sick and wounded troops from New Guinea.

But Sapper Lennie Dempster, of South Australia, grinned and said: "What nice weather you're having down here!" . . . And Lennie meant it.

LENNIE was in the push to Kokoda, knee-deep in mud and terrible rain and moist heat.

Then a sniper's bullet got him in the knee-cap, and they carried Lennie through the mud, and slush, and rain, and heat for four days on a Bong (native) stretcher back to Moresby for treatment.

But Lennie Dempster wouldn't tell me the story.

It's hard to get these men to talk about their adventures, their trials, hardships, and monotony of "blind" fighting, standing still in dense jungle hour after hour, waiting, waiting. . . .

But Lennie's cobber, Paul McIntyre, told me how Lennie crawled on hands and knees back to the first-aid base for treatment for his wounds.

"It must have taken Lennie seven or eight hours to get to the R.A.P., and then he wanted to go back to his cobbers," McIntyre said.

"Most of the fellows are like that.

Tails up

"THEY want to stay up there, hurt and all, and be in the final 'kill.'"

And every soldier I spoke to seemed convinced of one thing:

The Aussies have their tails up, their blood up, and the Japs' number up.

"Our side has won the toss at last, and though they're in on a sticky wicket, the Japs or no one else will get them out," McIntyre said simply.

Dempster, puffing a cigarette handed him by V.A.D. Mary Yates, said:

"Why don't you ask Paul how he got mentioned twice in despatches in three days."

But Paul wouldn't talk about himself.

You would never have suspected that these smiling Diggers were back from the front line.

PRIVATE REG ELLIOTT, of Sydney, back from New Guinea.

Their demeanor was the devil-may-care-let's-up - and-at-'em kind.

They showed carved native walking-sticks and curios to the V.A.D.'s.

But smiles and grins and friendly waves cannot cover up the fact of grey-blanketed men, the greenish-camouflage uniformed men who hobble on sticks, and the others with arms in plaster and heads bandage swathed.

I looked at these men with their worldly (military) goods slung in neat bundles, their mud - caked boots looking twice their usual size.

I stopped a jovial senior officer for a few lines.

He grinned like the rest, and said: "Nothing much the matter with me, just heart.

"No, I'm not going to say it was tough up there.

"If you'd ask me about the last war, I'd say it was tough in France. I was in the Milne Bay show, but just the same, France was tough."

Private Bob Algie, of Beverley Hills, N.S.W., was keener to show me his native policeman's waddy than to be interviewed.

PRIVATE BOB ALGIE brought home a native policeman's waddy and a green coconut.

AN OFFICER who was in the Milne Bay fighting.

Algie fractured his arm and dislocated his elbow while unloading ammunition.

"Well, if you want to write something, give a pat on the back to the soldier-wharfies in Moresby.

"Although I was winch-driving on ships myself, I was lucky.

"But just imagine fellows working on open wharves with Jap Zeros tearing in from the skies and spitting leaden death at thousands of rounds a minute.

"They're the boys who are among the front-rank heroes of the North.

"Day and night this went on.

"There was a job to be done, and the boys did it. But their calmness was amazing; they could have been at any big Australian port in peacetime instead of at Moresby at war.

"Often these men got short warning of the Jap planes' approach, and even when caught unawares they never panicked.

Private E. T. L. Anderson, of Geelong, who stopped a machine-gun burst in the arm at Kokoda, said: "The best news we've had so far is the retaking of Kokoda.

"It's been a grand job, and a hard one. You've no idea of the conditions, and yet the fellows never grumble."

Private Reg Elliott, of Sydney, said that there was not too much mystery about the disappearance of the Japs from the Owen Stanleys.

Elliott said that the Australians had ripped the chin-straps from their hats because the straps caked mud on their chins.

Still running

"OUR packs have been lightened, and we carry everything in a smaller package now," he said.

"We have adopted the Jap methods of fighting, plus a few trimmings, and I do not need to tell you the result.

"The Japs that haven't been killed are still running."

Private E. J. Brown, of Perth, who was wounded in the left arm by a sniper near Kokoda praised the native carriers.

"The 'Bongs' probably saved my life," Brown said. "They carried me for a week through the most trying conditions, on an improvised stretcher, to Moresby.

"First-aid posts along the way put my arm in plaster, and gave me treatment. These posts are doing grand work, too, handling the injured along the track."

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EDITORIAL

Women will resent this new regulation

THE Federal Government has taken an extraordinary and quite unreasonable step with its new regulations, controlling the sale and advertising of patent medicines.

For some mysterious reason it has decreed that the manufacturer of a patent medicine may use only ten words in describing his product for sale.

This regulation closely affects women, because women have charge of the household medicine-chest. They buy the medicines the family need and they administer the doses. Yet women have not been consulted in the framing of these patent medicine regulations that concern them so deeply.

THE specific regulation restricting manufacturers to ten words of descriptive matter in advertisements must surely be more dangerous than useful.

Every housewife and mother keeps a little stock of medicines on hand to use when Dad has a cold, or Johnny trips and cuts his knee.

She keeps tablets or powders that will ward off the headaches engendered by family worries, or tonics to improve flagging appetites.

She does not buy these haphazardly. She wants to know what they contain and why their ingredients can be expected to produce results.

Her main means of finding out these points is from advertisements.

In ten words it would be impossible to tell fully and accurately for what complaints a medicinal preparation is to be taken or used, let alone to explain what it contains and how it will relieve particular conditions.

It is not too much to say that such a restriction could lead to medicines being purchased under quite mistaken notions of their specific purposes.

Women will be puzzled at the meagreness of information available to them under the new restriction. They will want to know why it was imposed and on whose advice.

No one will deny that it is desirable that the Government should have control of essential drugs.

It is also right that the Government have the power to test the contents of patent medicines and examine the claims that are made for them.

These powers are already provided under State laws throughout Australia.

But it is surely unreasonable that when proprietary medicines are approved by Government experts, their manufacturers should then be prevented from telling the public properly how these medicines can be used to the fullest benefit.

No manpower can be saved by the restriction on descriptive wording.

No improvement in the quality or effectiveness of patent medicines is gained by it.

It is not the means by which essential drugs are diverted to the most important needs.

In short, it serves no useful purpose at all and should be struck from the regulations without delay.

—THE EDITOR.

AIRMEN brought down in the desert in the Middle East through shortage of fuel were given food and water by Arabs with whom they are snapped. Lying down is P.O. Moran (Aus.) and kneeling at right at back Sgt. Don Bottomley, England. The other two at right are P.O. Jackson (Aust.) and Sgt. Roy Darling (N.Z.).

Hungry trek in New Guinea

A TEN days' trek in the wilds of New Guinea by a party of soldiers cut off from their unit is the highlight in this week's batch of Letters from Our Boys.

THE letters you receive from your menfolk in the fighting services will interest and comfort the relatives of other soldiers, sailors, and airmen.

For each letter or extract from a letter published on this page The Australian Women's Weekly forwards payment of £1.

"I WAS cut off from my battalion and bushed with six other young chaps. Keeping clear of Tojo kept us busy as he was in strong force," writes Private A. V. Green in New Guinea to his mother, Mrs. A. Green, at 108 Pentland Parade, Yarraville, Vic.

"After a day and a night," goes on Private Green, "we mustered all our rations, and all we had was three and a half tins of emergency rations (dried meat and vegetables, dried fruit, and milk tablets).

"We all cheered when we came to a native village on the fourth day, for we were thoroughly wet and hungry. The village was empty, but we discovered some yams and sweet potatoes in one of the native huts.

"I tried to persuade the boys to carry some cooked yams for future use, but you know what young chaps are with a full stomach. They all thought other villages would be plentiful.

"For the next few days we did a proper perish, plenty of water, but only a few native berries and wild fruits. My natural history studies came in handy.

"I had noticed husks and shells of fruits at the native villages weeks before. I recognised some and was the chief taster.

"When we got over the first few days the hunger pangs settled down, and our main thought was getting out of the tangled mass of trees and creepers, roots that trip, vines that claw, nettles and leeches.

"At night when completely knocked up we would talk about Mum's good Sunday dinners and the hot scones and cakes we used to have. One chap said, 'If I come across one of those four-inch spiders to-morrow I'll eat him.'

"Every hill was a miniature mountain. We could only go for about a quarter-hour, then we felt a desire to lie down and sleep, which had to be resisted as we might never get up.

"On the tenth day we came across a native village, and found yams and papaws which we soon got into the fire.

"We were preparing to stay the night when we heard troops approaching. They brought the good news that we were only 1½ hours from a stopping camp, and we were soon eating ourselves sick on bully beef and biscuits."

Major H. G. Rosevear in the Middle East to his mother, Mrs. L. M. Rosevear, at Invermay, Launceston, Tas.:

"HAD an exciting experience when I went to check up on some mines laid by a section of my company. The report handed to me showed more mines laid in a particular sector than there should have been.

"I decided to check them myself, and took only my truck-driver with me. The mines were buried just under the sand, so I stooped down and scratched about looking for them. I found three in the correct places, but could not find a fourth.

"I was sitting down on my heels scratching the ground like an old hen when I saw a small patch of mine just between my feet. Sure enough I was standing on it with both feet.

"I weigh about 190lbs., and you can imagine I stepped off that mine rather gingerly."

Pte. W. S. Newton somewhere in Queensland to Mrs. K. R. Vinicombe, McAlister St., Sale, Vic.:

"WE are most grateful for the service the women of Queensland are doing for us.

"Each Sunday a show is put on for the service men and women, and after the show each guest is fed—and fed well.

"Nearby is another town where the evening meal and supper are available for any serviceman each Sunday.

"One of the towns near which we were camped has a truck calling once a week to collect servicemen's clothes for mending.

"At another town the A.C.F. gives weekly entertainments. Eighty per cent. of the proceeds go back to the troops in the shape of a wireless set. Each week a wireless set is presented to a different unit.

"In my opinion the women of these towns to which I refer do a job that is unsurpassed."

SGT. S. RICKETTS, R.A.A.F., Middle East, who took the picture, above, of his friends. He sent the snaps to his mother at Gladesville.

Private E. T. Davis to his mother, Mrs. E. Davis, 63 O'Sullivan Rd., Rose Bay, N.S.W.:

"WE have a bomb-happy dog, and every time he hears a shot he goes like the devil himself. He is ten years old and can he move?

"We had a goat who used to leap in on top of the boys in the trenches, so they built him one for himself. Now every time a plane comes over, he gives a 'baa' and jumps in to his own trench.

"We also have a cockatoo, who, when a plane comes over, sticks his head under his wing and shrieks and curses in good old Aussie language."

Driver A. T. Kendall in the Middle East to his sister, Mrs. G. A. Schwenke, Kilcummin, Dirranbandi, Qld.:

"THERE was a great piece of work done here to-day, typical of what the A.I.F. is doing in this zone.

"One particular company of specialists was occupying portion of a ridge, about a quarter of a mile from here, and they got orders to shift as Jerry's field-guns had that sector taped.

"So they ran one of their trucks up and just had it loaded when the shells started falling around them. There was a scatter after the first salvo, and they all got to slit trenches about a hundred yards off, then Jerry set out to down the lorry.

"It was in plain sight, but one chap evidently couldn't keep still, so he set off to shift the lorry. He had to make two sprints, but he got there and got it away about eighty yards when another salvo fell right where the truck had been.

"Fortunately there were no casualties, and the truckload of equipment was saved."

IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY . . . *By WEP*

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As I Read the STARS

by JUNE MARSDEN

THERE are three particularly powerful days this week, and individuals can respond strongly to astrological radiations.

Aquarians, Taurians, Leonians, and some Scorpions should exercise extreme caution and patience on November 14 and 15, but Cancerians, Virgoans, Capricornians, Pisceans, and Scorpions may find the week profitable.

The Daily Diary

HERE is my astrological review for the week:

ARIES (March 21 to April 21): Better times soon, so plan ahead. Meanwhile, November 10 (before dawn and in the afternoon) helpful, but poor around dusk. November 13 (early evening), November 14 (after 3 p.m.), and November 16 (afternoon) poor.

TAURUS (April 21 to May 22): A week for caution, so be wise and patient. Losses, partings, and opposition possible, especially on November 10 (early and late), November 14 (worst after 3 p.m.), and November 16 (worst between noon and dusk).

GEMINI (May 22 to June 22): Avoid mistakes on November 10 (morning and after 3 p.m.), November 14, November 15 (afternoon), and November 16.

CANCER (June 22 to July 23): A peculiar week, so be wary. November 10 (afternoon) helpful; November 14 (to 10 a.m. and from 8 to 10 p.m.) helpful, but adverse around sunset. November 16 (near 9 a.m.) fair, then poor to dusk; November 16 (midday hours) good; November 17 (around midday) good.

LEO (July 23 to August 24): Avoid rashness, risks, changes, and aggression. Pitfalls abound, especially on November 14 (worst after 3 p.m.) and November 15 (afternoon most adverse). November 13 (dusk), November 15 and 16 poor, too.

VIRGO (August 24 to September 23): Be cautious on November 10, 11, 14 (late), 15 (afternoon), 16, and 17. Modest gains possible on November 13 (between 8 a.m. and noon) and November 12 (afternoon).

LIBRA (September 23 to October 24): A peculiar week, so be cautious. November 10 (afternoon) helpful, but balance poor. November 12 and 13 poor; November 14 (to 10 a.m., and from 8 p.m. to 10.30 p.m.) can be very good, but balance adverse. November 15 (to 9.30 a.m.) good.

SCORPIO (October 24 to November 23): A mixed week. Opportunities possible, but also shocks, indiscretions, setbacks, and annoyances. Plan wisely and be cautious. November 10 (afternoon) fair, but poor around dusk. November 12 (afternoon) good. November 13 (8 a.m. to midday) good, but poor early in the evening. November 14 can be extremely difficult; also November 15 (especially from noon).

SAGITTARIUS (November 23 to December 22): Get important things done on November 10 (afternoon). November 14 (to 10 a.m.) good, then poor. November 15 (to 9.30 a.m.) helpful, then adverse. November 16 and 17 poor.

CAPRICORN (December 22 to January 20): November 12 (between noon and 5 p.m.) helpful, also November 13 (between 8 a.m. and midday), but poor near dusk. November 14 (to noon, and mid-evening) fair, balance poor. November 15 and 16 (afternoon) poor.

AQUARIUS (January 20 to February 19): A week for care, wisdom, and patience, especially on November 10 (around dusk), November 14 (worst after 3 p.m.), November 15 (worst during afternoon), and November 16. Keep to routine work.

PISCES (February 19 to March 21): A week of possibilities, but observe caution. November 10 tricky, November 11 poor. November 12 (afternoon) good, balance fair. November 13 (to midday) good, but dusk poor. November 16 (midday hours) good, balance fair. November 17 (morning) good, balance fair. Strive for progress, favors, and desired changes.

[The Australian Women's Weekly presents this astrological diary as a matter of interest, without accepting responsibility for the statements contained in it. June Marsden regrets that she is unable to answer any letters.—Editor, A.W.W.]

Mandrake the Magician

MANDRAKE: Master magician, and
LOTHAR: His giant Nubian servant, are about to leave for a secret laboratory with
DR. GRIFF: Who is perfecting an invention to destroy planes in the air with electrical energy, when the doctor is kidnapped by foreign agents.
AN OLD ACTOR: Impersonates the inventor, and on the train lures Mandrake on to an open platform and is about to shoot him when the magician gestures hypnotically and the pistol seems to hop out of the train.
Mandrake knocks the impostor down and unmasks him, but fails to obtain any information regarding the whereabouts of Dr. Griff.
NOW READ ON:

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I AM A MATCHMAKER—it's a real war job

PINES. Some Australian pines are being used for matches now imported timber is not available.

MATCHWOOD. There are millions of potential matches in this forest giant being moved by crane into factory yard.

TRIMMING. Bark is removed from billets of pinus radiata before they are boiled to remove sap.

PEELING. Pine log is peeled into these veneered strips, which are later cut into match splints.

Girls are helping to break all production records

By MARJORIE SWEETAPPLE, who works in an Australian match factory

I work in a match factory. You might think there is nothing very exciting about that. But when you remember we supply matches to the Services from the Middle East forces to the South-west Pacific you realise we are doing something to help win this war.

I'm working at a machine that boxes waterproof wax vestas at present. Soldiers in the Owen Stanley ranges and at northern battle stations depend on them. Bushmen of northern Queensland have always used them. R.A.A.F. air crews will shortly be issued with them.

I LIKE to think of those matches lighting cigarettes for the boys when they can relax a minute for a smoke. And they could easily save a life in some circumstances.

And the more you think about matches the more you realise how much they contribute to civilian morale, too.

Just recently, as a special war effort, we have broken our own records for match production.

The management says it's due to staff co-operation plus modern automatic machines that the figures went up like they did.

We had a meeting at which it was explained that we had to make matches for our forces in the Middle East and the South-west Pacific.

We're keeping those figures up. But the matches are being used at such a rate that we never have more than a month's stock in reserve. We used always to carry three months' stock.

When you see huge logs brought into the yard and practically minced to make millions of matches you realise how many matches are struck every day.

Some of us felt earlier in the war that it would be better if we did something else. We don't think so now.

The girls are playing bigger and bigger parts in making those records, because we are doing jobs we have not done before.

Too many hoarders

ALTHOUGH we are making more matches, still more are needed, so people should be careful how they use them.

We fill about 6500 gross of boxes a day in the safety department alone. If you saw them sliding along on endless belts you would think there never could be a match shortage.

You probably know one reason for the shortage — the dozen or two boxes in your own cupboard. Hoarders are holding supplies.

You may think ten or twenty boxes are not many, but multiply that by the cupboards all through Australia that have more than their fair share . . .

We have had our wartime problems in production.

First of all it became impossible to get timber from Baltic countries. That was a headache. Finland, Latvia, and Lithuania supplied our matchwood before the war.

Australian timber was thought to be quite unsuitable. But after experiments we decided to use hoop pine, mountain ash, and pinus radiata.

It wasn't an easy job to process those timbers. Mountain ash is a very hard, solid wood. It is apt to be too hard on delicately-adjusted machinery.

Some of our machinery, by the way, is unique. A lot is made in our own factory by our own engineers. That is what is helping production now. Overseas factories have nothing like it.

Well, the hard splints of mountain ash are apt to do things to that machinery. The pine, on the other hand, is a trifle too soft. But we have to make the best of it.

Then transport troubles made it difficult to get enough hoop pine and kauri for boxes. So our engineers adapted our machinery to make cardboard boxes for safeties.

Do you know there are 16 ingredients in a match-head? We had got our timber problems solved, but the business end of the match had still to be entirely made in Australia.

Some of the chemicals came from Japan—those are now being made here. Some of the ingredients we use are also needed for munitions.

So we must share them. Munitions come first. Then when the matches are manufactured the Services come next.

To get back to the job. There are a lot of processes to be gone through after we have the logs safely at the factory and the chemicals in the storeroom.

Huge power saws tear the logs into billets. Then they are boiled in water to get the sap out and to make veneering easy.

"Peeling" is our word for veneering. This produces thin strips that have a grain like water-wave silk, and could be used to veneer furniture.

Girls have been learning to operate the machine, which cuts those strips into splints. The machine works so fast that the splints look curved as they are thrown out.

Then they are impregnated with phosphate of ammonia, a chemical which stops the burnt-out match glowing. After that they go into a hopper which shakes them about and dries them, at the same time sorting out imperfect sticks.

The good splints are packed into racks and go on their way to the section where they will be dipped in paraffin and headed before being boxed.

Girls operate the machinery that makes the boxes and prints labels and wrappers. They watch huge belts into which the sticks are plugged to receive their heads, and finally work the machine that boxes the matches.

Endless belts take the boxes from department to department to receive their labels, to have the striking surfaces put on, and finally to be filled with matches.

Then they are clocked out on another belt and every gross packet that slides down the chute brings in 8/- excise to war revenue. So the Government is using matches to help the general war effort. When sold each gross packet adds another 1/8 to revenue.

I like my work. We are never too long on the one job. There's always a chance of a change if you want it. Now we are learning work women have never done before.

There are whole families in this factory. Take the Nobles, for instance. There was grandfather Noble, who has now retired, and his sons and grandsons, all working here together. Now there are some Noble great-grandchildren who will be coming along for jobs soon.

Lots of the girls marry men in the factory. They bring their babies back to see matron (Sister Nan Reay).

We used to have a children's party at Christmas, but that is over for the duration. But the babies' pictures are all round matron's room.

The chairman (Mr. J. M. Joshua) calls them by-products of the factory. His own little grandson is among them. The baby hasn't seen his father, who is a prisoner of war taken in Crete.

No absenteeism

ABSENTEEISM — that's a new word; what is meant by it just doesn't happen here. People generally don't stay away from work unless they are sick.

The factory is as clean as a kitchen, and as airy. There are tennis, bowls, basket-ball, and dancing for recreation, and there's a sunny flower garden and a dining-room.

Our job is linked with the war effort. We think we can help that best by carrying on with it.

MARJORIE SWEETAPPLE, who tells the story of matches in the war effort. A typical Australian girl worker, she is here packing waterproof vestas used by our forces in New Guinea.

Match-saver

HERE'S a tip on match-saving from Marjorie Sweetapple.

The best way to save matches is to strike them with a short, firm stroke across the striking surface instead of along its length.

If you strike along the box you will waste the surface and it will not remain efficient for its 60 sticks.

HARD WORK. Lynella Myles, whose father is prisoner of war in Germany, forking newly-cut splints as they fall from machine.

ENDLESS BELT. Mrs. May Kollmorgan, whose husband was missing in New Guinea, watches matches pass on to be headed.

BOXMAKING. Cardboard boxes are made and receive their blue wrapping as they pass in an endless stream on these machines.

PACKING-ROOM. Packages of twelve are made up here, then boxed into gross lots. Every gross packet carries war tax of 8/-.

SPILT MATCHES. Machines spill a large number of wax vestas, which are recovered and packed by hand.

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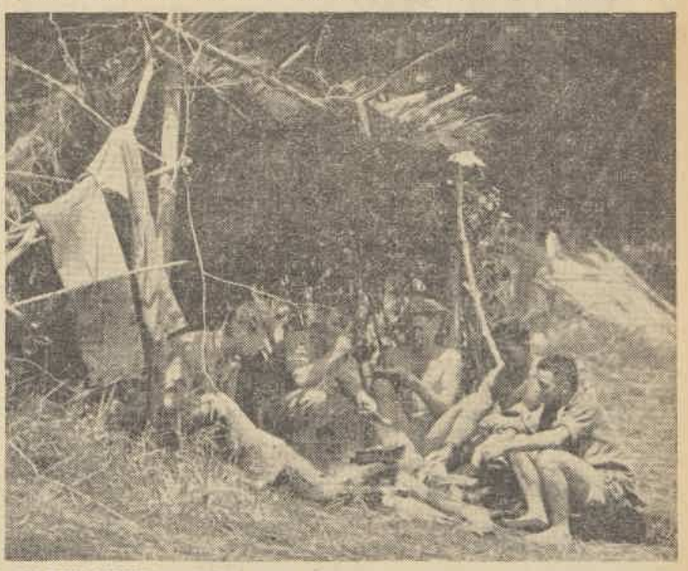
Dauntless Digger smiles along Kokoda trail

AUSTRALIA thrilled at Kokoda's fall and Allied advances beyond that vital point. Boys above fought in New Guinea after serving in Middle East.

AUSTRALIAN INFANTRYMEN on patrol in New Guinea snatch a quick meal prepared by their native cooks. *Photos:—Department of Information.*



IN THE KOKODA AREA. A.I.F. men in temporary camp beside a native "lean-to" in surroundings that contrast with those of the Western Desert.

CLEANING RIFLES before going into action against the Japanese. Kokoda was reoccupied by our troops just on three months after they had left it.

FOUR DIGGER FIGHTERS typical of the dauntless Australian youths who pushed the Japanese back to Kokoda under conditions of incredible hardship.

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The Letter Behind the Clock

Continued from page 5

CLINT BROWN hesitated, then shook his head. "Jake could have sent it to Tom if he'd wanted him to have it—but instead he sent it to me."

"Jake hated that kid," Dad said, "but whatever he left belongs to Tom. He is the only heir. Why don't you give that map to him?"

For a moment Clint Brown did not reply. He took out his papers and tobacco, and began to roll a cigarette. "Sam," he said slowly, "in the last few minutes I've just been thinking. About that gun. A couple of years after Tom left I found that old twenty-five—in a bend above the ford. I was hunting rabbits, walking along the creek bed. I found the gun, half-buried in the sand." Clint Brown paused and licked his cigarette paper. "The kid had fixed the firing pin. He'd filed a new one out of a piece of hard steel. It must have taken him weeks, but it worked. The gun would shoot."

Dad said nothing. His face was drawn.

"I think," Clint Brown said slowly, "I ought to show this map to the country attorney." He rose from the rocker. "Well, I'd better be going. Maybe I can get hold of Lister yet this evening."

"There isn't," Dad said heavily, "any hurry, is there?"

Sheriff Brown grinned, a bit shame-faced. "Sam, I've got to admit I'm burning to know just what old Jake has buried there. I'll wait for Tom, but when he gets in I may do a little digging yet to-night."

Dad drew a deep breath. "When you go by," he said, "stop for me."

For a long time after Clint Brown had left we sat in silence. At last Dad rose and began to walk back and forth across the room. Mother picked up a towel and began sewing it on absently. I knew something was bothering her.

"Sam," she said at length, "do you know what is buried at the sheep ford?"

Dad looked at her sharply. "How should I know?"

Mother went on sewing. "I remember the night Tom ran away. He came and got you out of bed. It was almost morning. You talked with him a long time. When you came back to bed you told me that Jake and that woman had been drinking all night over at the Wirtz place, and that something awful had happened. You said you'd given Tom twenty dollars and advised him to leave for good."

Dad's mouth hardened. "I don't know what you mean."

Mother continued to sew. "Sam you don't suppose Jake had more money—a lot of money—"

"No," Dad said shortly.

"Then what is buried at the ford?"

Dad stopped pacing. "How should I know?"

"You know more than the rest of us," Mother said quietly. "I'm still wondering why he gave you all that money in the jar."

Dad didn't answer. He began walking again, his jaw drawn tight. After a moment he turned to Mother. "I was given that money, Hattie," he said evenly, "to keep my fingers out of Jake Wirtz's affairs. And I'm doing exactly that! Why shouldn't I?"

"Perhaps you should. I've never known you to do anything that wasn't right."

Dad's face twisted. "Thirteen hundred dollars, Hattie!"

Mother thrust new thread into her needle. "Yes, Sam, go on," she said.

Dad did not speak again. Minutes passed and then he walked over to the window and looked out. It was still raining; a cold chilly mist trickled down the window-pane. Dad sighed again.

"It's a bad night, Hattie," he said. "I don't suppose anybody thought to turn Jake's sheep in, and some of them are due to lamb. I'd better tend to it myself." He got his hat from the nail. "Don't worry if I'm not right back. It will probably take a little time."

It must have taken a lot of time. Dad wasn't back when, at last, I lay down on the sofa in the sitting-room. I never knew when he came in. I was awakened by voices at the door. Dad was talking to Sheriff Brown. When he reached for his hat I got off the sofa and slipped out the door behind him.

Outside I found the sheriff and his deputy, Ed Hassel, and another man I did not at once know. "Hello, Benny," this man said, and thrust out his hand. I looked at him again. The eyes were familiar. I saw then that it was Tom Wirtz.

"Well," said Brown, "let's go!"

In the sheriff's car we found Eldon Lister, the county attorney, waiting. Dad and I got in the back seat with him.

The car started moving over the slippery road towards the Wirtz farm. Eldon Lister lighted a cigar. "Well, Kent," he said, "what do you have to add to what the sheriff has told me?"

"Nothing," Dad said briefly. "There may be nothing more to add."

"Any idea of what's buried at the sheep ford?"

"Jake had a queer idea of humor," Dad said. "There may be nothing buried there."

Lister laughed in my dad's face. "Don't be so dumb! Whatever became of that woman of Jake's—that woman from Kansas City?"

"What are you getting at?" Dad asked quietly.

"Several things. Maybe. Why did Tom throw away that pistol Brown gave him?"

Dad said nothing. "He must have thought a lot of that gun," Lister went on; "working for hours and hours on that firing pin. So why would he get rid of it?"

Dad ignored the question. The car slid along through the mud. We turned up the Wirtz lane at last and drove down past the barn. The ford was a quarter of a mile away. We reached it and got out. With his lantern, Sheriff Brown led the way down the bank. We followed, and the lantern light cast queer, darting shadows across the dry creek bed. Near the big willow Clint Brown stopped and said, "Step it off, Sam. Twelve feet east and seven south."

Dad began pacing, taking care to measure each step. It brought him to the centre of the ford, where the sand was cut and chopped by the sharp hoofs of the sheep.

"There's the place," he said tensely, and Ed Hassel, who had brought a spade from the car, began to dig.

Dad stood in the circle of the lantern light. I looked at him; his face was tightly drawn, expressionless. Eldon Lister came up closer to the hole. His eyes were gleaming.

Fifteen minutes passed. The hole had deepened now; it came above Ed Hassel's hips. Sheriff Brown cursed the water; it was beginning seriously to hamper the digging. "Ed," he said, "we ought to hit something pretty soon!"

My dad stepped up to him. "Clint, there may be nothing to find."

Lister spoke up angrily. "There's got to be! Dig deeper! Go right on down!"

Ed Hassel kept on digging. Dad moved closer to the hole. "Wait," he said, "you're deep enough. Try another spot; try a few feet more to the east."

"All right, Ed," Clint said.

The new hole was quickly started. Ed Hassel worked steadily, pausing only to scoop out muck with his hands. After a few minutes he gave a sharp grunt. "By gad," he said, "we've hit the place! There's been digging here before!" He peered into the hole.

"Keep on digging!" Sheriff Brown exclaimed.

Ed sunk his spade again. This time there was a dull clink. Ed paused, and Clint Brown jerked the spade from his hands. With his full weight Sheriff Brown heaved on the spade handle. It sank deep and again all those present heard the sound of clinking steel.

Eldon Lister was dancing excitedly at the edge of the hole, his polished shoes covered with the muck. "By golly," he cried, "I knew—Here! Where are you going? Stop him, Brown!"

He was looking at Tom Wirtz. Tom had turned away; he stood at the edge of the circle of light. He glanced back now at the hole, then turned away again.

"Stop him, Brown!" Lister shouted. "Arrest him! He'll get away!"

My dad took one step. His fingers closed on Eldon Lister's arm, and I saw the lawyer flinch. "What's the matter with you, Lister?" Dad's voice was dry and hard. "No one's running away."

Eldon Lister jerked his arm free. "As prosecutor for Appalo County——"

He stopped abruptly. Sheriff Brown had dropped his spade; he was dragging something from the hole. As it came up into the light we saw a queer mud-covered object. Lister stared at it, his pale eyes bulging. It was a one-gallon stone jar.

Sheriff Brown twisted out the cork, then fished inside with his fingers. After a moment he gave up and swung the jar, smashing it against the heel of his spade. It broke, leaving the handle in his hand. A flood of money poured out on the sand.

We blinked at it. Bills of all sizes: ones, and twos, and plenty of fives and tens! They'd been crumpled and stuffed into the jar. Just, I thought, as they must have been in that other jar at the house!

Sheriff Brown spoke first. "The old miser," he said, in an odd flat voice. "Money enough here to buy a farm. Well, I told you, Sam—I said I kind of thought——"

Eldon Lister was still staring at the bills. There was a queer, baffled look in his eyes. He turned away as Clint Brown began gathering the money from the ground.

"Well, Sam—" Clint Brown was shoving the last of the bills into his pocket—"I'm glad it turned out this way. I'll have to turn these over to the court, but, of course, they'll turn them back to Tom. And that, I guess, is as it should be—Well, boys, let's get back to town!"

. . . . . .

Mother was waiting when we got back to the house.

Dad heaved a sigh. "It's all right, Hattie," he said. "They found the money there."

"You mean—you had——"

Dad nodded. He walked on into the sitting-room and spread his hands to the heat of the stove. "Old Jake was mean," he said, "with a cold, calculating sort of meanness. He wanted it to keep on working even after he was dead and gone. He wanted the body discovered, but not until it was too late to question him. He had planned things the way he wanted them—and died with a grin, thinking he had hung his own son!"

"Then," Mother said quietly, "the body was there?"

Dad nodded again.

"I was pretty sure, but I dug down to see. When I filled the hole, I left the jar—I knew when they hit it they wouldn't dig no more." He paused. Once more there was a little twitching at his jaw. "Thirteen hundred dollars, Hattie! Well, it's gone!"

Mother said nothing. She reached out and pressed his hand.

Dad still stood staring at the wall. Suddenly he glanced at me. For a moment his face softened. He took out his pocketbook and fished out three worn one-dollar bills. He fished again and found two quarters and a half. Then he handed them to me.

"Take it, son," he said, "and get that brass-lined twenty-two. It will be kind of nice to take along when you start clearing that north forty in the morning."

(Copyright)

MOPSY—The Cheery Redhead

"I want to exchange this engagement ring for a revolver!"

Attempt to discover new singers

2GB's all-vocal broadcast

Australia has probably produced more outstanding singers for its population than any country in the world.

And to-day, with all the opportunities offered by radio, there are still many fine voices awaiting discovery, and a chance to be heard by a nation-wide audience.

WITH this in mind, station 2GB has arranged a new all-singing programme, "Australia Sings," which is designed to bring to the forefront the very best voices, voices which belong to-day to novices, although many of them are already on the threshold of potential stardom.

The programme will differ from most others because the stress will be on the singing. Apart from a small orchestra there will be a vocal orchestra, providing introduction and background for the artists.

This means that special arrangements will have to be written for all numbers, and this part of the presentation will be looked after by the producer and conductor, Reg. Lewis. He will endeavor to provide each voice with a setting to show it off in all its beauty. He will also seek to discover new artists from week to week.

For the first programme he has gathered together newcomers such as Myree Parker, a fresh, young, 15-year-old soprano; Ereach Riley, a promising young tenor; Ron Jackson, a young baritone possessing a voice with a future; and Florence Taylor, a contralto at present studying at the Sydney Conservatorium. Others in the programme will be the Harmony Boys and the Ivan Rixen Sextet.

Another feature of the programme will be the inclusion each week of a famous Australian singer, and it is appropriate that for the first programme Peter Dawson will sing one of the loveliest of modern numbers, "I Heard a Forest Praying."

There will be no limit to the type of songs featured in the session. Modern numbers, old favorites, opera, rousing ballads, and favorite airs from musical comedy will all have their place. Opportunity will also be given to all types of singers, the only proviso being that the singer has a voice of promise and the desire to become a star.

"Australia Sings" will be broadcast from 2GB at 8 o'clock on the night of Saturday, November 21.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY SESSION FROM 2GB

EVERY DAY FROM 4.30 TO 5 P.M.

WEDNESDAY, November 11. — Mr. Edwards and Goodie Reeve. Gardening Talk.

THURSDAY, November 12.—Goodie Reeve in "Precious Moments." Also Mrs. Olwen Francis presents "The Housewife on the Home Front."

FRIDAY, November 13.—The Australian Women's Weekly presents Goodie Reeve in Gems of Melody and Thought.

SATURDAY, November 14.—Goodie Reeve in "Musical Mysteries."

SUNDAY, November 15.—Highlights from Opera.

MONDAY, November 16. — "Letters from Our Boys."

TUESDAY, November 17. — "Musical Alphabet." Also Mrs. Olwen Francis in "The Housewife on the Home Front."

Interesting People

MISS DEIDRE CABLE

. . . Educational research

TWENTY-ONE - YEAR - OLD Miss Deidre Cable, who last year won James Coutts' Scholarship, Sydney University, and is now finishing Fourth Year Honors in Arts, specialising in English and psychology, has been appointed to staff of Australian Council of Educational Research, Melbourne.

Established about 13 years ago under a Carnegie grant, council is aiding war effort by preparing intelligence tests for servicemen and munition workers.

CAPTAIN W. A. OLDFIELD

. . . Army sport

AUSTRALIA'S famous cricketer, Captain W. A. ("Bert") Oldfield, is now organising competitive sport among Australian troops. Was recently appointed staff officer for sport of newly-formed amenities directorate of Army. Is also responsible for supply of sport and recreational equipment to front-line troops.

Captain Oldfield, who served with A.I.F. in last war, joined militia in 1938. Later transferred to A.I.F.

MRS. K. M. HUENERBEIN

. . . Dietetics

RECENTLY appointed director of Y.W.C.A. restaurants and cafeteria in Sydney, Mrs. K. M. Huenerbein holds diploma in Home Science, Otago University, New Zealand, and took special course in dietetics at University College Hospital, London. Taught for 12 months in Switzerland.

Is planning special menus at low charges for servicewomen. It is her first appointment with Y.W.C.A.

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Film Reviews

OUR FILM GRADINGS
★★★ Excellent
★★ Above average
★ Average
No stars — below average.

★★ MOONTIDE
(Week's Belt Release)
Jean Gabin, Ida Lupino. (Twentieth Century-Fox.)

BRILLIANT French actor — "The French Spencer Tracy"—Jean Gabin makes his Hollywood debut in this Twentieth Century-Fox drama. He is a pleasing and capable actor, but his role does not make any particular demands.

Gabin plays a vagabond dockworker chiefly interested in getting drunk, until he meets waitress Ida Lupino, whom he prevents from committing suicide. Good-for-nothing blackmailer Thomas Mitchell nearly wrecks the pair's happy idyll.

The casting is excellent. Ida Lupino brings freshness and much talent to her role. Mitchell is especially noteworthy. Claude Rains as a down-at-heel philosopher also does well.—Mayfair; showing.

★★ THE ADVENTURES OF MARTIN EDEN
Glenn Ford, Claire Trevor. (Columbia.)

JACK LONDON'S vigorous adventure is vividly brought to the screen with Glenn Ford in the title-role and Claire Trevor.

The story revolves around Martin Eden, an adventurous seaman and poet who is determined to win world recognition of his literary ability and to smash the system which permits "death waggons" to sail the seas.

Claire Trevor does well as the waterfront girl, fiercely devoted to Martin and to the cause for which he stands. Evelyn Keyes provides an excellent foil as the society girl, and Stuart Erwin gives sincerity and strength to his role as a victimised seaman. — Capitol and Cameo; showing.

★ SHIP AHOY
Eleanor Powell, Red Skelton. (MGM.)

THIS musical is an odd mixture of good specialty acts, clumsy direction, and a stupid spy-plot.

The good specialty acts include Eleanor Powell's bullfighter dance, Tommy Dorsey's "Hawaii" opening, a number by two colored steppers, and a song by comedian Bert Lahr and Virginia O'Brien. Red Skelton, who romances Eleanor (she is carrying a magnetic mine for Nazis posing as U.S. Government men!), has pretty poor script material.—St. James; showing.

★ DANNY BOY
Ann Todd, Grant Tyler. (B.E.F.)

ONLY the avidly sentimental will find any appeal in "Danny Boy." The dreary and time-worn story deals with an American radio singer (Ann Todd) who returns to England to find her husband (John Warwick) and son (Grant Tyler).

Grant Tyler as Danny is unimpressive, but Wilfred Lawson does good work as the unscrupulous agent.—Lyceum; showing.

★ ABOUT FACE
William Tracy. (United Artists.)

AN uninspired little comedy sadly lacking in action and new gags. William Tracy and Joe Sawyer are a couple of U.S. Army sergeants who are continuously landing themselves in trouble, and both handle their roles capably.

Marjorie Lord is attractive in a small role.—Mayfair; showing.

★ STICK TO YOUR GUNS
William Boyd, Jacqueline Holt. (Paramount.)

ONCE again William Boyd as the reckless and righteous Hopalong Cassidy wipes out a nest of rustlers who have been systematically stealing cattle.

Blonde Jacqueline Holt, daughter of cowboy Jack Holt, affords romance for Brad King, and in between the gunfire the Wakely Trio give some soothing harmonising.—Capitol and Cameo; showing.

GILBERT ROLAND, husband of Constance Bennett, joined the Army as a private and was assigned to the Headquarters Squadron, U.S. Army Air Force, at Bolling Field. When photographed he was doing sentry duty.

Shows Still Running

★★★ **EAGLE SQUADRON.** Diana Barrymore, Robert Stack in fascinating air drama.—State; 2nd week.

★★★ **THE MALTESE FALCON.** Humphrey Bogart, Mary Astor in excellent mystery melodrama.—Plaza; 2nd week.

★★★ **PROFESSOR MAMLOCK.** S. Mezhinski in powerful Russian anti-Nazi drama — Savoy; 6th week.

★★★ **MRS. MINIVER.** Greer Garson, Walter Pidgeon in magnificent drama.—Liberty; 7th week.

★★★ **THE MAN WHO CAME TO DINNER.** Monty Woolley, Bette Davis in enchanting comedy.—Century; 7th week.

★★ **JEANNIE.** Barbara Mullen, Michael Redgrave in refreshing romance.—Embassy; 3rd week.

★★ **THE FLEET'S IN.** Dorothy Lamour, William Holden in racy musical. — Prince Edward; 4th week.

★★ **SOUTH AMERICAN GEORGE.** George Formby, Linden Travers in rollicking slapstick.—Victory; 4th week.

★★ **TO THE SHORES OF TRIPOLI.** John Payne, Maureen O'Hara in thrilling U.S. Marine Corps adventure. — Regent; 4th week.

Colony war-wives

Cabled from Hollywood by VIOLA MACDONALD

JUDY GARLAND'S husband, orchestra-leader David Rose, has enlisted in the U.S. Army. He is 32 years old. So 20-year-old Judy joins the group of young Hollywood war-wives, who include Brenda Joyce, Deanna Durbin, Evelyn Ankers, and Ruth Hussey. Although, of course, she is keeping on with her film career at MGM, Judy is giving up her house and moving home to mother.

* * *

DON'T be surprised at the announcement any day now of the marriage of Greer Garson to Richard Ney. 34-year-old Greer and 24-year-old Richard met first on the set of "Mrs. Miniver," in which he plays her son. Greer divorced English Civil servant Alec Snelson two years ago in a Los Angeles court —Snelson divorced her in an English court just a fortnight ago!

* * *

BING CROSBY'S brother, Bob, has forsaken his band to sign a "straight acting" contract with Metro.

* * *

FOR the film version of Ambassador Davies' "Mission to Moscow," Warners have chosen Walter Huston to play the Ambassador and Ann Harding to play his wife.

* * *

BRITISH actor Ian Hunter has left for England to offer his services for war work to the British Government. Hunter, who served right through the last war, and is 42 years old, has insisted on his wife and children remaining here.

* * *

TO celebrate their reconciliation, the Rooneys staged a lavish party at the huge Hollywood Palladium. During the evening, Ava Rooney announced that she and Mickey are house-hunting. They do not want to return to their Beverly Hills flat, as it would remind them of their quarrelling.

* * *

CLARK GABLE is now a second lieutenant in the Air Corps—and his moustache is almost grown again.

FOX has bought the London stage hit, "Flare Path," written by Terence Rattigan, author of "French Without Tears." Rattigan, who is now in the R.A.F., makes the hero of "Flare Path" a Hollywood star who joins the R.A.F.

* * *

STEINBECK'S story of a Nazi-occupied Norwegian town, "The Moon is Down," is being filmed by Fox, with Sir Cedric Hardwicke playing Colonel Lanser, the leader of the Nazi invaders.

* * *

DIRECTOR George Cukor has been inducted into the Army as a private.

* * *

HOLLYWOOD was shocked by the tragic death of song-writer Ralph Rainger in a plane crash near Palm Springs, with his partner, Leo Robin. Rainger wrote "Love in Bloom," "Here Lies Love," "June in January," and the scores for many films, including "Ruggles of Red Gap" and "Bedtime Story."

* * *

JOHNNY WEISSMULLER has been arrested on a drunk-driving charge.

* * *

IRENE DUNNE has replaced Myrna Loy in the "Thin Man" series at Metro. Irene and Bill Powell have already begun work on "The Descent of the Thin Man."

* * *

MARY PICKFORD is recovering well from her major kidney operation. She is in a Los Angeles hospital, and her husband, Lieut. Charles (Buddy) Rogers, got special leave so he could be near her.

Isle of June

PRESENTLY I asked: "Do you want to go down for a swim?"

"Yes," shouted Joan.

And with the engine throttled back, we glided down to Shelley Bay.

And while the plane rode, delicate and silver, at the water's edge, we stretched out on the sand, close together.

"Joan," I said, "I'm going to miss you pretty much."

"I'm going to miss you, too," Joan said. "I'm glad we've had this time together, Steve. Glad for every minute of it." Her hand rested on my head, her fingers running through my hair. "Is there anything I can do for you back home?"

I thought a minute. "No—or maybe take some instruments that need repairing. There's a gyro and a drift sight. I don't like to mail them."

"I'll be glad to take them," Joan said. "What about you, Steve? Will you stay on here always?"

"Not if they lift the age limit for the Air Force. Then I'll just leave everything and go."

"You mean you'd give up everything you own here?"

"Yes," I said, and meant it; things would never be the same without Joan.

"There are too many other things worth fighting for . . . like the memory of you lying on that rock, the way I saw you the first day. We won't have mermaids on the rocks unless we keep the oceans free."

Joan suddenly bent over me. Her eyes were liquid—and her lips were soft against mine. Till behind the shadow of her head there came the drone of the Miami Clipper.

Joan got up suddenly, and turned her face away from me.

"Come on," she said. "That means it's after three. We'd better get back."

At the airport, time closed in on us with sudden, irrefutable finality.

"Joan," I said. "You know there's lots I'd like to say."

"I know," she said. "But please don't say it, Steve. Please don't . . ."

And suddenly she was in my arms, and crying—silent, racking sobs. "Joan . . ," I began again.

"No!" Joan said, punching her small fists together miserably. "No, I've got to go now, Steve. Please—get the instruments you want to send. Please, now!"

I went into the cabin and wrapped up the instruments, addressed to somebody I knew in New York.

When I came out with the parcel Joan was calm and practical. "Okay," she said. "Shall handle carefully."

"Thanks," I said. "Thanks—and good-bye, now."

"Good-bye, now," Joan said, turning quickly towards a taxi.

I watched the taxi weave down Bay Street, then I went home. There seemed nowhere else to go.

I had been sitting on the verandah for an unknown slice of time before the telephone rang.

"It's me—or I, old man," said Tenner. "There seems to be a little trouble."

"Yes?"

"That girl of yours——"

"What!"

"You know——"

"Certainly I know! Where is she?"

"At the Customs House," said Tolifer. "Detained."

Two minutes later I was standing in the Customs House, with Joan, surrounded by Bahamian inspectors looking sullen and defensive. It seemed that they had found a number of suspicious objects in her suitcase: two aeroplane instruments, each carrying concealed instructions to a German firm in New York; a hand-drawn chart of one of the Bahama islands; and six rolls of motion picture film, exposed.

"Pictures," said Joan disgustedly. "That's what Bert Ayres was trying to get through the Customs. Pictures he must have taken on those fishing trips."

The Customs guard looked grave. "The lady admits that these quite probably were taken from a boat," he said. "We don't like pictures taken of the coastline."

"Don't worry," I said. "You won't

Continued from page 7

find any of that film wasted on the coastline. Have it developed and you'll find a fat man holding up a lot of fish."

The native guard in charge perspired slightly. "But the letters," he said. "Concealed in instruments. With censorship in force, this is a serious offence."

"I wrote those letters," I said.

"You wrote them?"

"Sure. They're instructions to the repairers in New York. Miss Wheelwright was taking the instruments across for me."

"And this? . . . Concealed among her jewellery . . ."

Shaken, but clinging firmly to his ground, he handed me a hotel menu. On the back of it, in Joan's light hand, there was a map of father's island—sketched, I guess, as she remembered it. The only difference was, she'd drawn a small house in the centre. It was just the kind of house that I had always thought belonged there, and I put it in my pocket. It was time to get tough.

"Listen," I said emphatically. "There can't be any argument about this. It may lead to serious complications."

"It already has," said Joan. "My fiance has left me."

"Left you?"

"Yes—he sailed without me on that boat. He couldn't stand the ignominy of association with a Nazi suspect." Joan's face was working dangerously close to tears—or laughter. "But he said he'd wait for me in New York—if I got there."

"Well, there isn't any 'if' about that," I assured her.

"Oh, yes, there is," said Joan. She stood in front of me, with both hands on my shoulders—her eyes searching mine and finding what they searched for. "Listen, Steve—to-morrow can we sail out to your island? I am not sure that I picked the best site for our house."

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It's Radio's War-time Glamor Show
2GB FRIDAYS 9 to 10 p.m.

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AUSTRALIAN - AMERICAN FRIENDSHIP. Mrs. Roy Harrison, U.S. Corporal John Nevius, and Peggy Hart enjoy party at Mrs. Harrison's home for Australian-American Co-operative Movement.

NEW APPOINTMENT. Mr. Wilfrid Johnson (chairman of the Red Cross Divisional Council) discusses with Mrs. Margaret Fielding Jones her new appointment as Honorary Director of Hospital Visiting.

WIFE OF MINISTER. Mrs. William Slater (right), wife of the Australian Minister to Russia, picks out a book for her husband to read on his journey. Her cousin, Miss Jean Proudford, helps her with her choice.

Jottings ON THE HOME FRONT

"THE Australians and the Americans are fighting this war side by side. We must win this war. There can be no peace until we dictate the terms in Tokio," shouts veteran politician Mr. W. M. Hughes amid applause at the Australia-American Co-operative Movement luncheon at the Wentworth.

"We should think of ourselves not as Australians or Americans, but as members of the world Army of the United Nations," continues "Billy," pounding on the table.

Much laughter from American war correspondents when "Billy" confides the only way he could tell an American admiral from an Australian was by counting buttons on their coats.

• • •

PRESIDENT of Australian Mothercraft Society, Mrs. L. V. Waterhouse, sends vegetables down from her home in Bowral for fete at Karitane Mothercraft Centre. Mrs. John Purvis, of Castle Hill, and Mrs. W. A. Mackay, of Exeter, also contribute lovely garden produce for attractive stall.

Numbers of stalls help swell the funds. Mrs. Millard Hagon and Mrs. J. E. Cassidy do roaring trade at their lucky packet stall, and three sisters, Mrs. R. Loewenthal, Misses Nancy and Jean Mather have busy time at Children's Corner.

I specially notice the handkerchief stall run by the matron, sisters, and nurses of the home.

• • •

LEARN this week that Philippa Fraser, Scottish fiancee of Wing-Commander Grant Lindeman, despite fact that she is only just over five feet tall, is considered one of Scotland's best yachtswomen.

Learn further that diminutive "Pip" is member of the A.T.S.

• • •

I FIND names "piroschki" and "kruschon" on menu of Russian Medical Aid (Russian section) Ball at State Ballroom. Find "piroschki" are delicious meat pies, and "kruschon" Russian fruit drink.

Short address is given by Mr. D. P. Somenko on 25th anniversary of the Soviet Union.

Among those who accept invitations are Premier (Mr. W. J. McKell) and Mrs. McKell, Chinese Consul (Mr. Tuan) and Mme. Tuan, and Mrs. Jessie Street.

"SO that deaf, dumb, and blind children should not be deprived of their schooling owing to military authorities taking over the institute, we arranged for them to have correspondence courses, and children are visited in their homes by the teachers," says Mr. H. W. Bunce, new president of the board of the N.S.W. Institute for Deaf, Dumb, and Blind Children at the annual meeting at Farmer's Annexe.

"The value of the correspondence courses is felt specially in the country districts. Two teachers have just returned from extended tours of the northern and western districts, where they have visited the children in their homes," continued Mr. Bunce.

• • •

"WE planned this party three months ago, thinking it would be Melbourne Cup Day," says Mrs. H. J. Brady, president of Cumberland branch of C.W.A. at their bridge party at C.W.A. Service-women's Club.

"However, when we learnt Cup Day wasn't till November 21, we just decided to hold a party on that date as well." Proceeds of both afternoons will go to the Service-women's Club, as Cumberland branch have promised club cheque for £100.

New honey-colored dance floor just set down in club much admired during afternoon. "We have over 100 girls every week-end, and C.W.A. Younger Sets arrange open house for them," explains Mrs. Brady.

Cumberland branch holds its 19th annual meeting at Farmer's oak hall on November 18.

SETTING UP SHOP. Helen Williams and Mrs. Keith Martin help set out attractive goods in Bundles for Britain and Australia shop, in Rowe Street. Committee working hard on new Merchant Navy Club, to be opened shortly.

SWEET SELLERS. Elaine Kenny (left) and Billie Tonkin sell sweets from C.U.S.A. Navy Unit stall at the garden party in the grounds of the Rose Bay Convent for C.U.S.A. Appeal funds.

ALLIED SOLDIERS' CLUB. Edith Bothwell and Aileen Brownfield, members of the Allied Soldiers' Club committee, discuss plans for the treasure hunt to be held by the committee on November 29.

Heard Around TOWN

MRS. ALBAN OTHER GEE receives photo this week from daughter Sue, V.A. in the Middle East.

Photo shows Sue in back of car driving through desert with her V.A. hat, secured from desert winds by scarf, tied under chin in manner of Naughty-Nineties motorists.

"Hats too precious these days in broiling sun to risk losing," writes Sue on back of photo.

• • •

MRS. HENRI BELL, president of the Kurraba Red Cross branch, comes down from Camden, where she has been staying with Mrs. H. S. Whitford, to attend bridge party at home of Mrs. A. O. Morgan, at Neutral Bay, for the branch funds.

• • •

PHYLLIS WALSH and Sergeant Harry Ellis-Jones announce their engagement at evening party at home of Reverend and Mrs. H. G. Hurcus, of Drummoyne.

Phyllis is the youngest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. P. H. Walsh, of Drummoyne, and Harry is the eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. V. A. Ellis-Jones, also of Drummoyne.

• • •

ASSISTANT Section Officer, Patricia Mary Larkin, W.A.A.A.F., younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. C. E. Larkin, of Strathfield, announces her engagement to Flight-Lieutenant David Lyne Miller, R.A.A.F., younger son of the late Captain W. Miller, of West Australia, and of Mrs. Miller, of Maroubra.

Patricia and her fiance are both at same South Australian R.A.A.F. station.

• • •

PRISONERS of War Fund benefits by performance of "Admirable Crichton" by Newington College Boys at Petersham Town Hall this week.

A special "Austerity" wedding-cake with no icing planned for her wedding early in New Year by Marjorie Blashford, who announces her engagement to Keith Glasser.

Marjorie is the only daughter of Sapper and Mrs. A. G. Blashford, of Kentucky, and her fiance is the eldest son of late Mr. R. G. Glasser and of Mrs. Glasser, of Gap View, Guyra.

Marjorie's father, who is an old Digger from the last war, is back in uniform again.

RECENT WEDDING. Gunner Leonard Muir and his bride leaving St. Stephen's, Macquarie Street, after their wedding. Bride was formerly Helen Wethen.

THOUSANDTH CAMOUFLAGE NET. Outside the Anzac Buffet, camouflage netters Miss Doris Pearce, Mesdames C. E. Ryrie, A. G. Hampton, and T. F. Waugh complete the thousandth net made by their group. Able-Seaman S. Hayworth and Sergeant E. H. Sablon give assistance.

BACK from her honeymoon, Mrs. Charles William Blunt is staying with her mother, Mrs. C. U. B. Gurnett, of Neutral Bay.

Only 12 hours' notice for her wedding some weeks ago to Paymaster Sub-Lieutenant Blunt. Had planned wedding for November 21, but when he came back unexpectedly on leave decided to be married then.

Mrs. Blunt was formerly Helen ("Sue") Gurnett, younger daughter of the late Mr. C. U. B. Gurnett and of Mrs. Gurnett, of Neutral Bay, and her husband is the elder son of Mr. and Mrs. S. J. Blunt, of Lucknow, N.S.W.

• • •

MRS. C. V. COLLINRIDGE, of Ryde, very thrilled with letters from her twin sister, Marie, announcing her marriage in Bombay to Captain Gordon Hartmann, of the 43rd Cavalry Regiment, India.

Marie is the twin daughter of the late Mr. John Noonan, of Orange, and of Mrs. M. B. Noonan, of Bellevue Hill, and her husband is the son of Lieutenant-Colonel C. A. Hartmann and of the late Mrs. C. A. Hartmann, of Ware, Hertfordshire, England.

Until her marriage Mrs. Hartmann was nursing at the British Military Hospital in Rawalpindi.

Third sister, Miss Ena Noonan, works at Australia House, in London.

• • •

TO celebrate first wedding anniversary, Sergeant Greg Blaxland, away with A.I.F. on active service, arranges for huge box of flowers to be sent to wife Audrey.

Audrey spends most of her time at Kindergarten at Moore Park, and fits in day's knitting at Lord Mayor's Fund rooms.

Audrey and her mother, Mrs. R. Cunningham, spend week at their house in Blackheath.

• • •

DIAMOND solitaire for Valda Jorgenson when she announces her engagement to Lieutenant John Dunn, A.I.F.

Valda is the youngest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. H. L. Jorgenson, of Goat Island. Attends first-aid classes on the island, and spends two nights a week doing clerical work at the Showground.

John is the younger son of Mr. T. Dunn, of Sydney.

Betty

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Clever changes for tailored suit

● The basic suit is in heavy linen in a soft pastel-blue that teams smartly with practically any accessories. Here it is worn with a bright yellow blouse gathered into a drawstring neckline.

● Jacket is buttoned up and kindled with a red scarf at the neck. The hectic red-and-green felt satchel-bag is easy to make for yourself. (Above centre.)

● There is no limit to the bewitching collars you can make from small scraps of material and pin inside the neckline of your jacket. This frothy affair is of spotted muslin, margined with a frill.

● A blouse-top to match your jacket is a cunning idea. Pep it up with a crisp, scalloped collar in maroon-and-white striped cotton with matching gloves and maroon hat and bag.

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Unsightly PIMPLES CLEARED Away

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A PRIM LITTLE FROCK of black sheer silk crepe takes a new lease of life with the addition of a spotless white pique collar and red pique bow. The white pique pillbox is appealingly young, easy to make, and gives that spring look.

WITH A BEIGE SHEER WOOL SUIT, tailored to a T, and a simple, V-necked blouse of white silk this lass wears a tall-crowned hat of red ballibuntal, bedecked with matching veiling and white grosgrain ribbon in naughty 'nineties manner.

A STUNNINGLY-DRAPED black dinner dress is cut down to street length and worn with a white cotton lace jacket that also started out in life as an evening gown.

Clothes conjuring

● It is vastly important now to realise that discreet glamor can be the best war paint. Remember, too, when he's home for that precious leave, your wardrobe must be as flattering as ingenuity and your own clever fingers can make it.

BY PEG McCARTNEY

TO-DAY we must take the folly out of fashion, but certainly not the charm or the vitality. There is still plenty that is soignee and sophisticated; plenty that is pretty and beguiling, but nothing that is ultra-luxurious or unpractical.

Even though your basic wardrobe is austerely small, it's up to you to figure out clever tricks that will miraculously transform a jaded frock or suit into a dashing little affair that looks as if it might have swallowed up all your coupons as well as your dress allowance.

With summer just around the corner, your chief charm is to look as fresh as a daisy every minute of the day. So choose materials and styles that launder simply. Instead of highlighting your frocks with elaborate embroidery, hunt through your scrap-box for odd bits and pieces to convert into frothy little collar and cuff sets—besprigged muslin margined with frills or lace-edged organdie, or if you're the tailored type have starched pique revers with scalloped edge.

Those clever touches

THERE are lots of cunning ideas that will make the dullest outfits look like careless millions. Fresh flowers work wonders for tailored suits—for instance, a huge clump of starry-white daisies on a cool green suit. Or buy a yard of gay ribbon and make one bow for the lapel and another for your hair.

If you can't resist those pretty-pretty touches, counteract the trim slickness of your tailoreds by wearing an ultra-feminine hat with a veil cradling the chin, or if you prefer a stiff straw boater, almost obliterate it with a giant flower.

Use bright colored grosgrain ribbons as shoe-laces. With a dark suit, twine a dusty-pink scarf round your head as a turban and have another one spilling out of the pocket.

Your left-over evening gowns provide limitless opportunities for renovations. Take, for instance, that black crepe dinner dress and bolero—scrap the bodice, replace with an organdie blouse, season with a contrasting sash, cut the skirt to the required street length, and you have the ideal outfit for dinner and a show in town.

Slice a lame dress into a slim-fitting overblouse and add long, tight sleeves and skirt made from an old crepe gown.

Transform those limp pastel chiffon frocks into bishop-sleeved blouses that are blissfully cool and look adorable with a plain dark skirt.

Defy summer heat waves in vapor-thin black sheers. Too-beruffled models are taboo. Instead, the trend towards simplicity brings casual, easy-to-wear styles with straighter skirts, slim hiplines, and more natural shoulders.

Contrast is introduced with brilliant accessories or frosty-white collars and cuffs. Shady cartwheel hats, minute flower turbans, crisp white pique pillboxes, or swathed turbans together with bags, gloves, and belts provide opportunities for piquant seasonings.

Pale pastels, or strong colors such as pumpkin-yellow, fuchsia, jade, or the dusty pastels in blue, pink, mint, or violet are others.

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NOW you can test it yourself—try this famous treatment in your own home under any conditions you like, and if it doesn't stop falling hair, rid you of dandruff, or improve your hair and scalp beyond belief within 30 days, it COSTS YOU NOTHING—not one penny! But you must hurry; this offer may never be repeated. It places you under no obligation; all you have to do is to post that coupon . . . NOW!

Have You These Symptoms?

DOES your hair fall out considerably? Do you get a lot of combings? Is your hair split and broken? Does it hurt to pull gently? Have you much dandruff in your scalp? Is the scalp itchy or painful in patches? Is your hair very dry, or too oily? Is your hair changing colour? Are the roots falling when you comb? What state is your hair at the crown? The answers to these simple questions will tell you if you have the first signs of hair disorders; and, if so, take the warning that is given you by Nature.

Post Coupon TO-DAY!

IT does not matter if your hair is falling out, if you are fast going bald—or what you have tried. Now you can test at home the famous Murchison treatment. Send the coupon TODAY!

SEND NO MONEY!

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(Enclose 3d. in stamps.) 14/11/42.

Careful with the BOVRIL please!

Supplies are short, for the moment, owing to lack of shipping space. Use a smaller spoon for measuring, and always rinse out the bottle. Carefulness like this will help to relieve the present shortage. A very little Bovril makes a great deal of flavour and goodness.

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BUSINESS GIRLS *in simple classics*

NAVY SILK CREPE FROCK designed by Jaeger and featuring a clever shoulder-yoke which is set on to the bodice with a deep tuck. The three-quarter-length sleeves and high, round neckline are banded with detachable folds of snowy-white pique.

HEAVY KNOPPE LINEN in a soft muted pink selected by Matita for a slimly-tailored frock with deft scroll design outlined in nigger-brown stitching. With it a pink summer felt halo.

FRESH-LOOKING town suit in hopsac linen with an immaculately-tailored navy-and-white striped jacket and plain navy skirt. Crisp white shirt and gloves and jaunty plain red hat add final flourish.

TRIM SUIT in chocolate-brown silk crepe highlighted with collar, cuffs, and a saucy little hat in brown-and-beige striped silk.

+ + +

Eight ways to charm

- Achieve an air of poise and preparedness.
- Avoid frou-frou and frills.
- Select plain styles and ring in changes with clever accessories.
- Have at least one silly hat for your whimsical moods.
- Choose fabrics that launder as simply as your hankie.
- Remember black sheer looks as cool as a shadow on the hottest day.
- Don't overlook the enchantment of a crisp cotton pinafore with gay blouse.
- Above all, keep yourself and your clothes looking as fresh as a new pin.

Trust between men . . . .

Human relationships depend for their happiness upon trust. Without trust there can be no exchange of goods—nor of goodwill.

Since 1869, the reputation of Heinz Pure Foods has steadily grown throughout the world, because they were to be trusted—for quality, for flavour and for purity.

Heinz for their part, pledge themselves to keep to their policy of providing only the pick of the world harvests—you may therefore continue to place your trust in the familiar Heinz keystone label, for now, when you see it during the war years, you will know it guarantees the same good nourishing food, not debased for mere war-time expedience.

Stocks of Heinz goods will not always be large, for obvious reasons. But when your grocer can supply, remember he offers you in every package "Heinz quality for a few pence"—the embodiment of the trust between men that *must* flourish *if man is to survive.*

SKIN DISEASES
PSORIASIS entirely cleared up with "PSORIGO," the Proven Remedy. 8/6 posted.
For Free Advice on all Skin Troubles, call or send 2½d. stamp for Examination Chart to
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271-9 Collins St., Melb., C.1. F6825.

LEND all you can—
Spend when you MUST
Invest in
WAR SAVINGS CERTIFICATES

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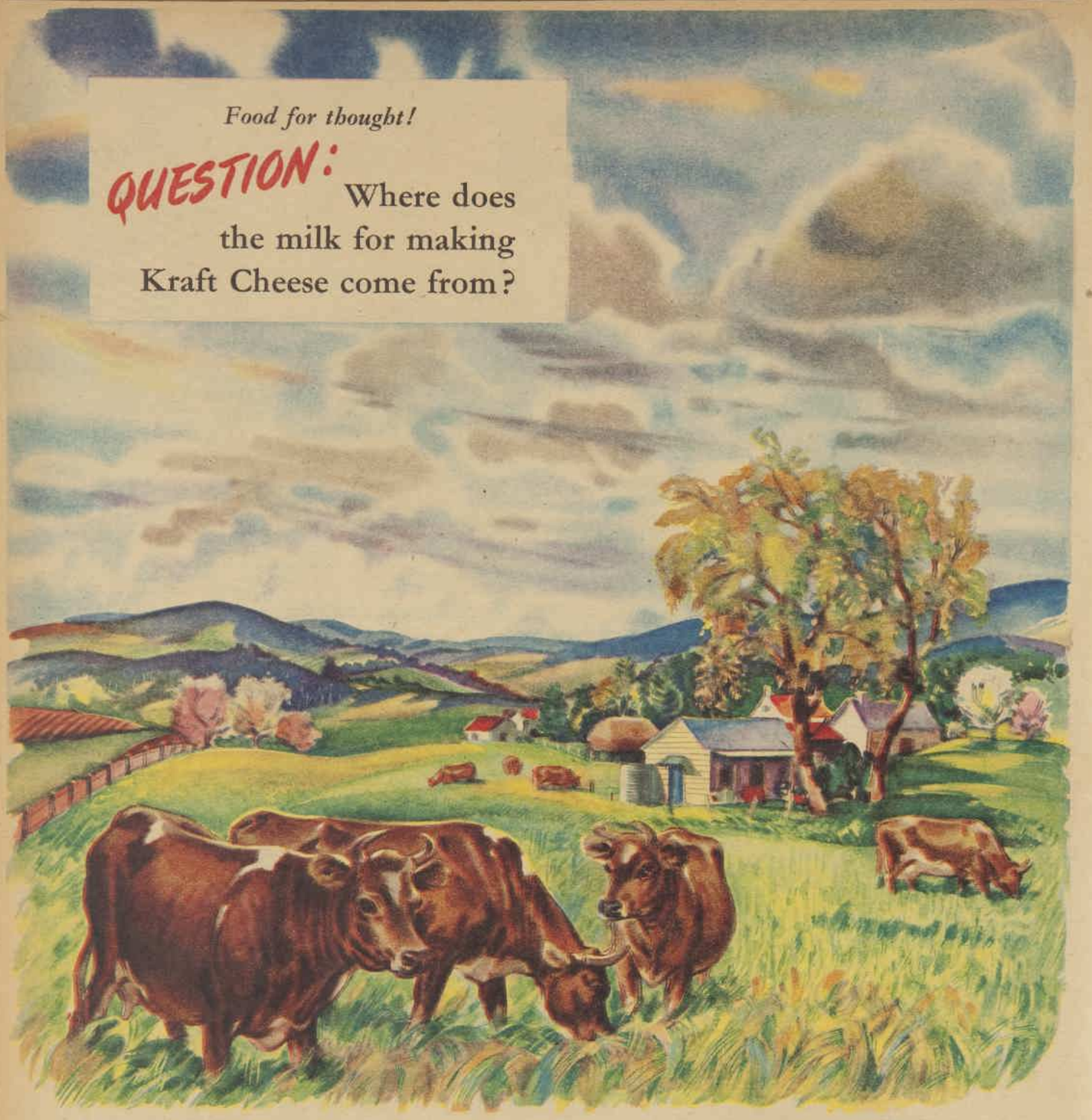

ANSWER:

It takes a full gallon of rich, creamy milk to make a pound of Kraft Cheddar Cheese—AND did you know that this milk comes from the richest dairying districts of Australia, renowned for producing high quality milk?

Good as it is, when this milk arrives at the Kraft country factories, chemists and bacteriologists sample and test it immediately for purity and quality. There's no guess work here.

Because it takes a full gallon of milk to make a single pound of Kraft Cheddar Cheese, that means Kraft is extra rich in all the essential food values of milk. It is extra rich in tissue-building proteins, vitamin A, and the milk minerals, calcium and phosphorus which are needed for building bones and teeth. Cheese is our best known dietary source of calcium.

That's why Kraft Cheddar is one of the "protective" foods which are so important for health and which we should include regularly in our daily menus.

For Beefless Days

Beef is a valuable protein food, but use Kraft Cheddar for well-balanced meals on beefless days. Serve it with raw vegetables and fruit in salads. Slice it thick for the sandwiches which go into the family's lunch boxes. Use it to add flavour and food value to cooked dishes. And next time you get Kraft Cheddar Cheese from your grocer, remember to buy it from the 5-lb. loaf . . . more economical, more convenient!

KRAFT CHEDDAR

The A1. protective food

Issued by the Kraft Nutrition Department, who feel that to-day, more than ever before, it is important to know the foods which are really "protective".

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Beauty at home:

Masks for tired faces

Face-packs should be more popular, for they do work little miracles quickly and easily.

By MARY ROSE, our Beauty Expert

THE average woman pats a bit of cream into her skin now and again, and hopes for the best. A few massage their faces regularly, and fewer still resort to face packs or masks in order to refresh, tone, and improve the skin.

Face packs or masks cost practically nothing. They can be prepared in almost a jiffy and can be applied with your own two hands as easily as falling off a log!

Here are a few recipes:

The egg mask is good for smoothing out wrinkles and closing pores, but it should not be used on a very dry skin. First cleanse the skin with cleansing cream, then wash with soap and warm water. Dry, apply cream, and give your face and neck a light massage.

Wipe off cream, pat in a little witch-hazel, and dry the skin. Separate the white from the yolk of an egg. Beat white slightly and cover the face; allow to dry and give a second coat. When this dries paint on the beaten yolk and leave on for 20 minutes or so.

Relax while the mask is doing its good work. Remove with tepid water, rinse with cold.

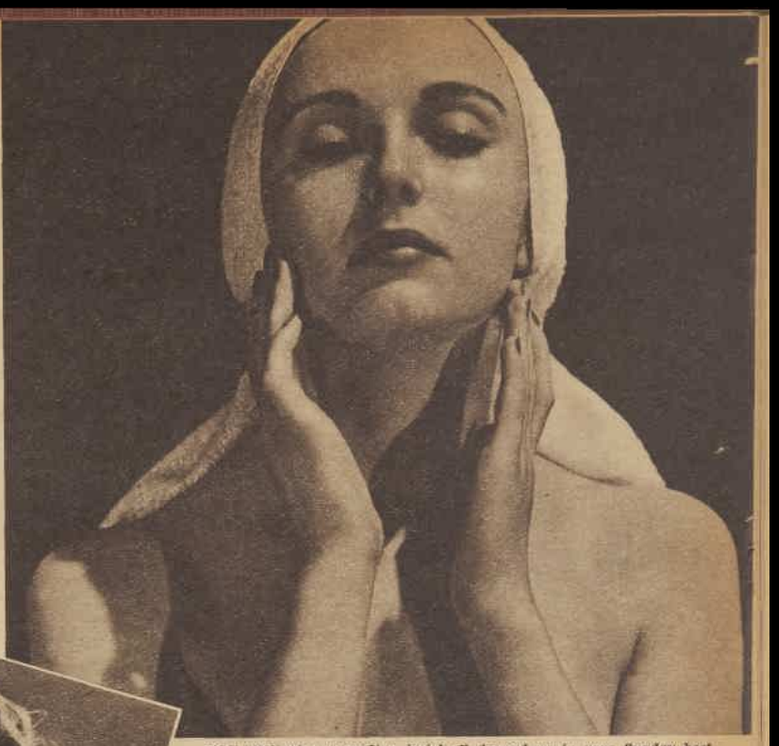
Another good pack which suits any type of skin is made from fuller's earth, obtainable in cartons from any chemist. Mix a fair quantity with water to a paste and after cleansing the skin smear it well over the face and throat.

Then lie down flat on your back. Utterly relax for 20 minutes or more until the mask has completely dried.

Remove by first moistening with a face-cloth dipped in tepid water, then dip the face in a basin of tepid water and wash off. Give a final rinse with cold water to which a teaspoonful or more of simple tincture of benzoin has been added. Ice-cold water will serve if you have no benzoin.

Baker's yeast makes a wonderful mask—if you can get it. Add to it a little fresh milk and apply to the skin after thoroughly cleansing as you would for the egg mask. After applying, lie down and rest for at least twenty minutes. Place pads of cotton-wool soaked in witch-hazel or any reliable eye-lotion over the eyes and relax. In this way you'll get all the benefit possible from the treatment.

Finally rinse with lukewarm water, then cold. Dry, and your skin will be clean, clear, and glowing.



YOU can't give yourself a facial all dressed up in your Sunday best. Remove your dress and leave shoulders and neck free. Brush your hair back and tie or pin a towel around your head. Push hair right under towel. Be careful not to let anything get into your eyes.

SIMPLE, home-made face-packs cost practically nothing, yet leave you with a feeling that you've just walked out of an expensive beauty salon.

Health and Beauty Tips

APPLY face cream and allow to remain on while having a warm bath. Then remove gently with soft towel, using upward and outward movements.

★ ★ ★

ROLLING back and forth on the floor will do much to reduce those large hips.

★ ★ ★

CROW'S-FEET will respond to an "elfin's dance" with the cushions of the fingers around eyes, dancing especially hard at the corners. Smear on cream before tapping.

IF your hands become very dirty through gardening, rub salt well between the palms of the hands and then wash as usual.

★ ★ ★

COTTON-WOOL soaked in lemon juice and wrapped around an orange stick will help to remove ink and other stains from the nails.

★ ★ ★

HEALTH and beauty drink: Soak a few raisins in diluted lemon juice overnight. Just cover raisins. In the morning drink the liquid and eat the raisins.

FOR YOUNG WIVES AND MOTHERS

TRUBY KING SYSTEM

PARENTAL RESPONSIBILITY

THERE is no more responsible job than parenthood, and there are probably more failures and disasters in the business of being a parent than in any other phase of human activity.

This, rather than being a reflection on parents, is an admission that parenthood is perhaps the most difficult of all "leader-roles," and one for which there must be forethought and special training.

Schools for parents are now being established in various countries and must be an important feature in a new-world order.

A leaflet dealing with this subject has been prepared by The Australian Women's Weekly Mothercraft Service Bureau, and a copy will be forwarded free if a request with stamped addressed envelope is forwarded to The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 4096WW, G.P.O., Sydney.

Please endorse your envelope "Mothercraft."

What would you do?

ALLEYNE LESLIE answers some questions concerning THE ENGAGED GIRL

Q.: The Dream Man has come into Ruth's life and there's a sparkling solitaire on her finger. When he smiles at another female, should she—

1. Retaliate by attracting the attention of other men?
2. Give him enough rope to hang himself?
3. Assert herself and get possessive?

A.: *Definitely No. 2, but make sure you hang on to the other end of that rope, Ruth! When he compares you with any rival let him see how much softer and more adorable is YOUR complexion. Never neglect that nightly cleansing with Erasmic Cold Cream. That's the first step in having the kissable, flower-fresh skin all men love.*

Q.: You're at a party with your fiancé. And who should come along but your ex-boy friend, now a dashing Captain! Should you—

1. Stay out of his way as much as you can?
2. Adopt a friendly, pleasant manner?
3. Greet him with "Well, isn't this like old times," and start swapping memories?

A.: *No. 2 is correct. See that you're never caught in such a spot with smeary, faded make-up. Always put your powder over a bewitching film of Erasmic Vanishing Cream. Then you'll look fresh as an English rose and, incidentally, have that "ex" quietly kicking himself for not clinching the deal when he might have had the chance.*

Q.: The engagement's announced. And there they are, Judy and husband-to-be. Who gets the congratulations—

1. Judy?
2. The lucky chap?
3. Both?

A.: *The man only, of course. But if Judy follows the Erasmic routine for glamour, there'll be many who'll whisper sweet compliments to her as well. Erasmic makes most men think: "What a stunning girl" and THE man whisper: "Darling, I never knew anyone COULD be so lovely!"*

ERASMIC CREAMS in tubes and jars 1/2

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MAKES BETTER KIDDIES CLOTHES

New *Under-arm* Cream Deodorant *safely* Stops Perspiration

1. Does not rot dresses—does not irritate skin.
2. No waiting to dry. Can be used right after shaving.
3. Instantly stops perspiration for 1 to 3 days. Removes odor from perspiration.
4. A pure white, greaseless, stainless vanishing cream.
5. Laboratory tests prove ARRID is entirely harmless to any fabrics.

ARRID is the largest selling deodorant. Try a jar today!

ARRID

2/- a jar. Also in 9½d. jars.

At all chemists & stores selling toilet goods

Distributors: Fassett & Johnson Ltd., Sydney

VIM brings back lustre to pots & pans

CLEANS SMOOTHLY

A LEVER PRODUCT

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The Australian Women's Weekly — Notice to Contributors

Manuscripts and pictures will be considered. A stamped addressed envelope should be enclosed if the return of the manuscript or picture is desired. Manuscripts and pictures will only be received at sender's risk, and the proprietors of The Australian Women's Weekly will not be responsible in the event of loss.

Prizes: Readers need not claim for prizes unless they do not receive payment within one month of date of publication. In the event of similar contributions the Editor's decision is final.

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FANCY FOR THE FAMILY! There is something partyish about most jellied dishes, yet sweet or savory jellies can line up with the austerity foods, being especially valuable for using up left-overs.

Recipe Contest

● Interesting and economical entries capture the prizes.

FOOD is playing a tremendous part in our wartime organisation. Good feeding maintains family health and morale. If you have ideas for new ways of preparing food—interesting and economical ways—send your recipes to our readers' recipe contest.

First prize of £1 is awarded to the best recipe of the week, 2/6 to all other recipes published.

First prize this week goes to a fig jam recipe. Mrs. Treasure, the winner, writes that the recipe was given her some years ago by a Greek lady who told her it was an old family recipe, and very popular in Greece. You have it good and early for the fig and grape season.

The sugar content is low, but figs and grapes are rich in sugar, and need less than the other summer fruits. Mrs. Treasure writes that she has kept sample pots for over four years, and they are sweet and ungranulated.

Recipes of the week also include carrot pie and swede croquettes. Swedes are rich in vitamin C, and should be bought in extra quantities when potatoes are scarce. Have you tried grated raw swede turnip in salads? It's delicious!

Carrots with pastry are an interesting ingredient in another prize and pea pods are used in a cream soup recipe. Try the dark fruit pudding and austerity cake. They both taste good, and are inexpensive.

FIG JAM

Eight pounds figs (just ripe), 8lb. large white grapes, 6lb. sugar (brewer's crystals, if obtainable), 1lb. preserved ginger, ½ teacup lemon juice (strained).

Pick grapes off stems, rinse under running water (do not dry). Put on to boil over slow heat. Break a few in the bottom of pan to provide juice to prevent burning. When boiled (about ½ an hour), strain through sieve and return the thin pulp resulting to pan.

In the ½ hour you've been waiting wipe figs, cut off hard stems, do not peel. Slice up thinly. Now put figs, sugar, ginger, and lemon-juice into grape pulp, bring to boil, and cook slowly and steadily, stirring constantly till cooked. It does not jelly, is a dark clear pulp. I find about 3 hours from starting time finds jam securely covered, and pan washed and away.

First Prize of £1 to E. M. Treasure, 200 Smith St., Thornbury, Vic.

CARROT PIE

Wash 2lb. carrots, split each up the centre, and boil till tender. Drain well, and mash with 1 tablespoon butter. Stir in 1 teaspoon mixed herbs and 2 onions chopped finely. Put into a well-greased baking dish, pour in 1 cup of thick brown gravy, spread over the top 1 cup of breadcrumbs and 3 tablespoons grated cheese, sprinkle with pepper and salt, and dab with butter.

Bake ½ hour in a moderate oven. Garden swedes are also good this way. Cut swedes into large chunks before boiling until tender.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. Hetherington, 1 Empire St., East Preston, Vic.

SAVORY PIE WITH CARROT ROUNDABOUTS

One pound chuck or skirt steak, 1 onion, 1 tablespoon Worcestershire sauce, 1 sheep's kidney, 1 tablespoon flour, 1 dessertspoon finely-chopped parsley, salt and pepper, water.

Cut steak into 1in. squares and roll in seasoned flour, skin and slice onion and add to meat. Soak kidney in warm water for ½ hour, remove skin and chop finely. Place all in saucepan, add water and sauce and simmer gently for 1½ to 2 hours. Place in piedish, add chopped parsley, and allow to cool before covering with carrot pastry.

Carrot Roundabout: Make short pastry in the usual way, roll thinly, brush with milk, and sprinkle thickly with grated carrot and chopped parsley. Roll up as for swiss roll, cut in slices, and cook in overlapping layers on the meat for 15 minutes in hot oven.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Miss N. Brady, 64 George St., Homebush, N.S.W.

AUSTERITY LOAF

One cup bran, ½ cup honey, 1 egg, 1 cup sour milk, 2 tablespoons melted butter, 2 cups plain flour, pinch salt, 2 teaspoons baking powder, ½ teaspoon soda, ½ cup brown sugar.

Beat egg slightly, add sugar, melted butter, honey, and bran, then milk and soda. Stir well, add sifted flour, baking powder, and salt. Bake in moderate oven 45 minutes. (To vary this loaf omit honey and add ½ cup golden syrup and ½ cup raisins).

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. J. L. Wilkinson, 17 Waimea St., Burwood, N.S.W.

DARK FRUIT PUDDINGS

One pound or 2lb. dates or raisins, 1 cup self-raising flour, 1 cup breadcrumbs, 2 tablespoons dripping, 1 teaspoon carbonate of soda, ½ cup cold tea, pinch of salt, 1 tablespoon sugar, if desired.

Rub dripping into flour, add all other ingredients, then add 1 teaspoon carbonate of soda to tea. Mix all and steam in cloth 2½ hours.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. R. Falls, 9 Bank St., Meadowbank, N.S.W.

SWEDE CROQUETTES

Mix some cold mashed swedes with a quarter of their quantity of fine breadcrumbs, pepper and salt to taste, and 1 or 2 beaten eggs, according to the amount of swedes used. Blend well, shape into croquettes, dip in egg, and then in breadcrumbs, and fry in boiling dripping.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. M. Dyson, 21 Constance St., Cottonville, S.A.

FRUIT SALAD PUDDING.

Make a fruit salad of apples, pears, bananas, passionfruit, orange, or all fruits in season. Cut up fruit very small into a saucepan, add enough sugar to sweeten, and 3 tablespoons of water to about 3 cups salad. Bring to the boil, and have ready this mixture to cover with:

Melt in a saucepan 1 large tablespoon butter. Sift 2 tablespoons flour into it, and stir till quite smooth. Gradually add 1½ cups milk, stirring all the time. Let it boil till quite thick, then pour into basin and add 1½ tablespoons of sugar, ½ teaspoon vanilla, and break in 2 eggs, one at a time. Stir well until there are no lumps in it. Put fruit salad in piedish, and pour mixture over. Bake in a moderate oven 40 minutes.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Miss May Carr, Bimbi Rd., Grenfell, N.S.W.

GREEN PEA POD SOUP

Melt 2 tablespoons butter in a large saucepan, then add 1lb. fresh pea pods, which have been soaked for about 1½ hours in water, and 1 large brown onion. Stir for about 10 minutes till soft, but not brown, add 1 tablespoon flour, then 1 pint milk and 1 pint water. Cook gently for about 2 hours (stir occasionally). Strain through sieve, then add pepper and salt to taste. Reheat and serve with chopped fresh mint. (When putting through sieve be sure to get all the mealy substance through).

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Tylora Flowers, Wylvia, 28 Illawarra St., Allawah, N.S.W.

Kitchen cutouts

Basic Recipe No. 21

SWEET AND SAVORY JELLIES

One and a half dessertspoons gelatine, 1 cup hot water, 1 cup cold liquid, flavoring, sugar or seasoning.

Dissolve gelatine in hot water, add liquid and flavoring. Add sugar and seasoning. Strain and color if desired. Pour into a wetted mould and leave in cool place to set.

Note: A little less gelatine is required if set in a refrigerator. Do not allow to set too firmly.

Variations:

Lemon Jelly: Use ¾ pint cold water, 2 tablespoons lemon juice, and 1 tablespoon finely-grated lemon rind in place of above cold liquid. Sweeten to taste.

Honey Jelly: Add to the above 3 tablespoons honey (or to taste), 1 tablespoon lemon juice and 1 dessertspoon lemon rind, reducing the cold liquid to ¾ cup.

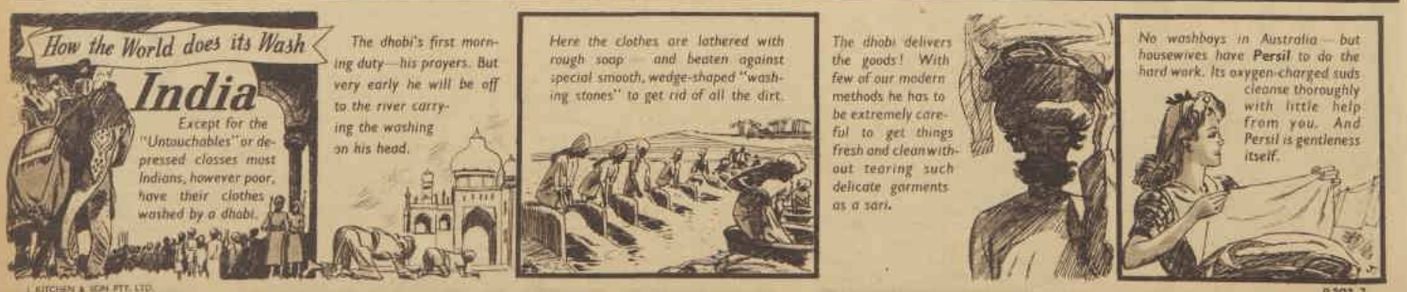
Foam Jelly: Allow jelly to set lightly and then whisk until thick and foamy. To the above amount 4 tablespoons cream or 1 or 2 egg-whites may be whipped in.

Fruit in Jelly: Allow 1 dessertspoon of gelatine to each ½ pint fruit juice (stewed or fresh), and add a squeeze of lemon juice. Add the fruit when the jelly is slightly thickened. Honey or lemon jelly is an excellent basis for jellying fresh fruits.

Layer Jelly: Set each layer (clear, cream, or colored) before pouring on the next layer. Patterns are set in this way.

Savory Jelly: Use a rich, clear well-flavored stock for the basic liquid. The stock can be made from meat extracts or soup cubes. Lemon juice gives piquancy to a savory jelly.

Jellied Beetroot: Cube 2 cups of cooked beetroot, strain cooking liquid, measure 2 cups, and season and flavor with vinegar and a little sugar. Dissolve 1½ dessertspoons gelatine in this. Pour over beetroot in a mould. When set, turn out and garnish with green salad.



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● In the good old days buffet luncheons, dinners, and suppers savored of leisure and luxury of party-time living. Now, self-service meals are part and parcel of family life, for working housewives have seized upon the idea as being time-and-energy savers. They're right!

SERVING TRICKS can make simple food sensational. This salad platter was assembled in a jiffy. Because it looks good it tastes better. Iced tea, you'll notice, is the beverage—a pleasant drink, too, on a still, hot summer's evening.

☆

Suggested Menus and Recipes by OLWEN FRANCIS, Food and Cookery Expert to The Australian Women's Weekly.

Family buffet or

Help-yourself meals

MANY a woman these days is juggling with time. Maybe she has a job in a munitions factory or an army hospital. But the family chores have to be done all the same.

Household routine must be reorganised and menus adjusted to cope with lessened time, evening fatigue, and family health requirements. Pre-cooking, at convenient times, of foods that can be reheated with no lessening of value, recipes that are quickly assembled and cooked, methods of service that are attractive but labor-saving and elastic for late-comers—these are three big steps in the programme.

Time this page's suggestions for dinners in a hurry and notice how they lend themselves to easy self-service.

APPLE GEMS

(Served hot with clove-stuck butter-balls, these are jewels on the dinner menu. Can be mixed in a jiffy.)

Four ounces plain flour, ¼ teaspoon bicarbonate of soda, pinch salt, 1½oz. butter, 1½oz. brown sugar, 3 tablespoons grated apple, squeeze of lemon juice, 1 egg, 3 tablespoons milk, lard or good clarified dripping.

Sift the flour and salt and rub in the butter. Add the sugar, apple, and lemon juice. Mix to a light batter with the egg and milk, in which the soda has been dissolved. Drop a little lard or clarified dripping in the heated gem irons. Two-thirds fill with the batter mixture. Cook in a fairly hot oven (400 deg. F.) for 10 to 15 minutes. Delicious served hot with clove-stuck butter-balls (the butter can be flavored by storing for a few hours with several cloves. The cloves can be used again).

SAVORY SPAGHETTI BOWL

(Twenty minutes will see this dish on the table. Green salad as next course.)

Six ounces spaghetti, 1 small onion, 1 teaspoon dried herbs, 1 dessertspoon Worcestershire sauce or vinegar, 2 tablespoons chopped bacon, 1 tablespoon chopped parsley, 1 tablespoon dripping, 1 tablespoon flour, 2 cups hot stock or water, pepper and salt.

Cook the spaghetti in fast-boiling salted water, and drain in colander. Chop the onion and lightly fry in dripping. Add the flour and brown. Add the hot liquid, herbs, Worcestershire sauce or vinegar, bacon and parsley, and season to taste. Add the spaghetti.

When piping hot, pour into hot bowl or casserole and cover. Easily reheated. Serve with tomatoes on which thick wedges of cheese have been toasted.

CORNED BEEF AU GRATIN

(Some call it this or that, but everyone likes it. Brisket is cheap, but go easy on beef on the shopping list.)

Two cups diced cooked corned beef, 1 dessertspoon finely-chopped onion, 1 tablespoon chopped parsley, pinch of mixed spice, 2 cups white sauce (using half meat stock if not too salty and half milk), 2 tablespoons grated cheese, 2 tablespoons breadcrumbs.

Combine the beef, onion, parsley, spice, and sauce, and place in greased ovenproof dish. Sprinkle top with breadcrumbs in cheese. Bake until hot and lightly browned in same oven with other dishes of menu.

RHUBARB POPOVERS.

(Light the oven before you take your hat off. If serving hot, wrap in kitchen cloth or serviette on removing from oven and place in covered dish.)

One cup wholemeal flour, 1 cup white flour, 2 teaspoons baking powder, 3oz. good dripping, 3oz. brown sugar, 1 teaspoon lemon juice, ½ teaspoon lemon rind, 1 cup rhubarb (diced small), 2 eggs, ½ teaspoon bicarbonate soda, 1-3rd cup milk.

Sift the flours and baking powder, tipping back the roughage. Rub in the dripping, add the sugar, lemon rind, and rhubarb. Mix to a soft batter with the beaten egg and milk, in which the soda has been dissolved. Lastly add the lemon juice. Cook in deep greased patty tins in a moderate oven (375 deg. F.) for 15 to 20 minutes.

CASSEROLE OF SEASONED MUTTON.

(Cook the meat the evening before. Next day add sauce, flavor, frills, and vegetable accessories. Allow 30 minutes, and for a dish to satisfy a famished family there's nothing better.)

Two pounds cooked neck of mutton, 1 pint thin brown sauce (use stock in which meat has been cooked), 1 tablespoon vinegar, 1 teaspoon dried herbs, ½ cup soft breadcrumbs, 1 cup diced swede turnips, 1 cup diced carrots, 1 teaspoon chopped onion, 1 tablespoon chopped parsley.

Strip the meat from the cooked neck of mutton and, without chopping, combine with the breadcrumbs, herbs, vinegar, and heated sauce. Season to taste. Place in casserole and place diced vegetables on top. Cook in a moderate oven (375 deg. F.) until the vegetables are tender, about 25 to 30 minutes. Sprinkle parsley on top. Place casserole in centre, and cook popovers in upper half of the oven.

JIFFY VEGETABLE BROTH

(Steaming hot, it's an appetising preface to the salad meal. Easily reheated.)

Three and a half cups hot water, 3 teaspoons (or less) meat extract, 2 cups minced raw vegetables (carrots, turnips, beetroot, cabbage), 1 teaspoon chopped onion, 1 dessertspoon flour, pepper and salt.

Add the meat extract and then the vegetables to the hot water. Simmer fairly quickly in a tightly-lidded pan until vegetables are tender, about 5 minutes. Blend the flour with a little cold water, add and bring to the boil. Season to taste. Chopped parsley may be added. Serve very hot with bread cubes.

BUBBLE BREAD

(Make this on the week-end. Season well and serve with salads.)

Two cups plain flour, 1 teaspoon or less baking powder, 1 teaspoon butter, ½ cup finely-grated sharp cheese, ½ teaspoon salt, 1-8th teaspoon pepper, ½ cup water.

Sift the flour, baking powder, salt and pepper. Rub in the butter, add the cheese and mix to a dry dough with water. Knead lightly and roll to very thin sheet. Cut in strips and place on greased tray. Bake in a moderate oven (350 deg. F.) until crisp and lightly brown. Cool on tray and when cool store in tightly-lidded tin until required for salads, savories, or soups.

HONEY GRIDDLECAKES.

(Whacko! The batter's mixed. Cooking takes just a little longer than no time. Late-comers can cook their own; the batter can stand without spoiling.)

Four ounces self-raising flour, 1 egg, 1 tablespoon honey, ½ teaspoon grated orange rind or pinch of nutmeg, 2-3rds cup milk.

Sift the flour and mix to a batter with the beaten egg and milk. Add the flavoring. Cook in spoonfuls on a greased hot griddle or heavy frying-pan. Turn to brown both sides. Serve with lemon juice, or sauce, or butter.

CARAMEL CORNFLOUR SHAPE

(Make in the morning.)

To Caramelise Sugar: Brown sugar in heavy pan, adding 1 tablespoon water to every 4oz. sugar before browning. When browned add boiling water, measuring to about half the volume already in the pan.

For the caramel shape heat 1 pint milk and 2 tablespoons sugar. Add 2½ tablespoons cornflour blended to a thin paste. Bring to boil, stirring well. Color and flavor with caramel and cook very slowly for 3 minutes or preferably (for good flavor) for 10 minutes over boiling water. Pour into a wetted mould and turn out to serve. Serve with a honey sauce.

ICED TEA

(Just for a change! A present for the palate weary.)

Brew the tea from rationed tea leaves or garden herbs (mint, thyme, verbena, rosemary, borage) as for hot tea, using freshly boiling water, hot teapot, and steeping from 3 to 5 minutes. Strain into a jug, cover, and chill.

Lemon rind may be steeped in the chilling brew to flavor. The freshly steeped tealeaves may be used at once for a fresh, hot, weak brew.

ACCESSORY SALADS

(Why always cook the vegetables? Crisp salads served with small hot meat cuts save fuel and food values.)

With grilled chops: Crisp lettuce and celery curls.

With hot steak, grilled or braised: Radish fans and finely-shredded raw cabbage, moistened with vinegar or dressing.

With hot rissoles or hamburgers: Sliced beetroot, onion rings, and shredded outer lettuce leaves.

With crumbed veal: Lettuce hearts and shredded raw turnip.

HELP-YOURSELF MENUS

No. 1

Casserole of Seasoned Mutton
Diced Swedes and Carrots
Green Salad
Rhubarb Popovers

No. 2

Jiffy Vegetable Broth
Cream Cheese and Pineapple Salad
Bubble Bread
Fruit Cookies
Minted Tea

No. 3

Savory Spaghetti Bowl
Grilled Tomatoes
Shredded Vegetable Salad (Cabbage, Carrots, Swedes)
Egg-Dressing
Honey Griddlecakes

No. 4

Corned Beef au Gratin
Casserole of Diced Vegetables
Apple Gems with Clove-stuck Butter-Balls
Lettuce and Cheese

No. 5.

Savory Mince with Tomato Spaghetti
Green Salad
Jellied Honey Foam with Sliced Banana

No. 6.

Fried Crumbed Liver
Browned Onion Gravy
Apple, Cheese and Celery Salad
Caramel Cornflour Shape with Honey Sauce

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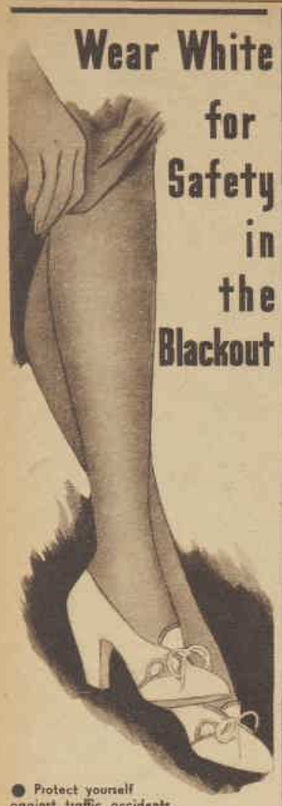

● Protect yourself against traffic accidents —wear white shoes. But remember—they must be WHITE . . . and that means Shu-Milk! It removes the dirt, dries quickly and evenly, and gives your shoes a soft, snow-white smartness that attracts the eye of everyone.

IN BOTTLES & TUBES, 6D. & 1/-

Shu-Milk

CLEANS ALL WHITE SHOES

Friends will appreciate your greetings to the full if your message is conveyed by a Tuck's greeting card or calendar. Every one is a real work of art. Should you experience any difficulty in obtaining them this year, please be assured that the cause is out with your dealer not with Tuck's; shipping restrictions and distribution difficulties are responsible

RAPHAEL TUCK & Sons Ltd.
LONDON ● ENGLAND

LOOP-STITCH, so easy and quick to do, lends itself admirably to the making of this cuddlesome toy, which is knitted from scrap wool as you can see. It stands eight inches high and is eleven inches in length.

Cuddly lamb to make for baby

● This woolly lamb was designed to bring joy to the hearts of wee folk at Christmastide.

HE'S easily made. Odd lengths of wool can be used, and cotton-wool or any other suitable material for filling him out!

Here are the complete instructions:

Materials: 4oz. 4-ply wool, 1 pr. No. 12 knitting needles, cardboard, small piece of felt, filling, and two black buttons.

Abbreviations: K, knit; p, purl; dec., decrease; inc., increase; tog., together; st.-st., stocking-stitch; beg., beginning; rep., repeat; com., commencing.

Tension: Measured over st.-st. 8 sts. to the inch.

Measurements: Height of lamb, 8ins., length 11ins.

PATTERN

1st Row: K 1, * needle through st. as though to knit (wind wool down inside of index and second fingers, pass between second and third fingers and bring up over needle) 3 times pull the loops through the st., but do not take off needle, then knit into back of st. Slip off needle and remove fingers. Rep. from * to last st. K 1.

2nd Row: Purl, taking each group as one st.

3rd Row: Purl.

4th Row: Knit.

SIDES: Cast on 27 sts. (K into back of all cast-on sts.). Com. with a purl row, work 8 rows in st.-st. Inc. at beg. of 6th and 8th rows. Com. pattern on next row, and inc. in first st. of 2nd row of pattern once. Rep. the pattern 11 times, then the 1st, 2nd and 3rd rows once. K 2 tog. at beg. of next row and following alternate rows, and k 2 tog. at end of intermediate rows, until 21 sts. remain. After completing 2nd row of pattern, cast off. Work another piece, reversing all shapings.

HEAD: Cast on 40 sts.

1st and following alternate Rows: Purl.

2nd Row: K 18, inc. in next st., K 2, inc. in next st., k 18.

4th Row: K 18, inc. in next st., k 4, inc. in next st., k 18.

6th Row: K 18, inc. in next st., k 6, inc. in next st., k 18.

7th Row: Com. pattern.

8th Row: Inc. in first st. Pattern 17 sts. Inc. in next st. by purling first into front and then k into back of st. Pattern 8 sts. Inc. in next st. Pattern 17 sts. Inc. in last st.

9th Row: Purl.

10th Row: Inc. in first st. K 18, inc. in next st. K 10, inc. in next st. K 18, inc. in last st. Continuing in pattern, inc. at beg. and end of 12th and 14th rows. Rep. the 4 rows of pattern 3 times.

27th Row: K 1, pattern 19 sts. P 18 sts. Pattern 19 sts. K 1.

28th Row: K 1, pattern 19 sts. (k 2 tog.) 9 times. Pattern 19 sts., k 1.

29th Row: (P 2 tog.) twice, purl to last 4 sts. (p 2 tog.) twice.

30th Row: K 2 tog. K to last 2 sts. K 2 tog.

31st Row: Purl.

Rep. last 2 rows 6 times, then work 8 rows in st.-st. without shaping.

Next Row: K 2 tog. to end of row. Break off thread and run through sts.

UNDER BODY: Cast on 3 sts. Purling first row, inc. at beg. and end of next and following alternate rows until 13 sts. are on needle. Com. pattern on next row. Inc. at beg. and end of following purl and k. rows (17 sts.). Now rep. the pattern 14 times. K 2 tog. at beg. and end of following alternate rows, until 9 sts. remain. Work 8 rows without shaping. Then inc. at each end every alternate row until 15 sts. are on needle. Now work 9 rows without shaping. Com. with a purl row, work 19 rows in st.-st. In next row k 1, k 2 tog. to end. Cast off.

TAIL: Cast on 18 sts. P first row, then work in st.-st. for 6 rows.

7th Row: P 5, pattern 8 sts. P 5.

8th Row: K 5, pattern 8 sts., k 5.

9th Row: Purl.

10th Row: Knit.

Rep. from the 7th to 10th rows 5 times, then the 7th and 8th rows once. Cast off.

LEGS: Cast on 18 sts. When 14 rows of st.-st. have been completed repeat the 4 rows of pattern 4 times, then the 1st and 2nd rows once. Cast off. Work 3 more pieces.

EARS: Cast on 12 sts. Work in st.-st., k 2 tog. at beg. and end of 2nd and following 4th rows until 4 sts. remain. Cast off. Work 3 more pieces.

TO COMPLETE TOY: Join top of sides together, attach under body, placing it down about 2ins. from top, join at back, and sew to where dec. on front of sides finishes. Join other side in same manner. Sew buttons on head for eyes. Sew head to main body and under piece.

Turn inside out. Embroider nose and nostrils. Cut out 4 pieces, each of cardboard and felt, the size of sixpence. Join leg seams, buttonhole felt on, then place in cardboard. Stuff legs very firmly, and sew securely to body. Fill body. Sew up. Join tail, sew to body, placing st.-st. underneath.

Be Sure of Your
LOVELINESS

Use Odorono Liquid to stop perspiration for a week or more, and free yourself of this old problem.

Odorono Liquid itself is odourless and fresh: it leaves the skin dry—and odourless.

"Regular" is the surest perspiration corrective ever made. "Instant" is milder for women with especially sensitive skin. Both are the result of a doctor's own prescription.

ODO-RO-NO

1/1, 2/2 and 3/9

Stop Kidney Poisoning To-day

If you suffer from **Rheumatism, Interrupted Sleep, Leg Pains, Backache, Lumbago, Nervousness, Headaches and Colds, Dizziness, Circles under Eyes, Swollen Ankles, Loss of Appetite or Energy,** you should know that your system is being poisoned because germs are impairing the vital process of your kidneys. Ordinary medicines can't help much, because you must kill the germs which cause these troubles, and blood can't be pure till kidneys function normally. Stop troubles by removing cause with Cystex—the new scientific discovery which starts benefit in 2 hours. Cystex must prove entirely satisfactory and be exactly the medicine you need or money back is guaranteed. Get Cystex from your chemist or store. The guarantee protects you. Now in 2 sizes, 4/- and 8/-.

Cystex

GUARANTEED for Kidneys & Rheumatism

OBTAIN DOUBLE LIFE from SHOES

Feed the leather with

'NUGGET'

Don't dab the brush into the polish, draw it lightly over the tin and give your shoes that last brisk rub with a soft cloth.

USE IT SPARINGLY

A LITTLE GOES A LONG WAY

CONSERVE ESSENTIAL SUPPLY

Germolene

SKIN OINTMENT

ENDED
10 YEARS' TORTURE
In 5 Weeks!
BAD LEG HEALED

INTO the joy of freedom after 10 years of torture. What a result! What a wonderful experience! All who are suffering the agony, discomfort and danger of a long-standing open wound, all who have been tormented night and day with the fierce irritation of a skin disease, everyone who has been disfigured and embarrassed by unsightly blemishes and ugly sore places should purchase a jar of **Germolene** immediately.

Germolene . . .
Quickly heals
ECZEMA, BURNS, WOUNDS, INSECT BITES, HEAT RASH, ABSCESSES, SUNBURN, CUTS,

Small size in glass jars, 1/6; large tins, 3/6.

Miss Precious Minutes says:

USE YOUR HEAD and artistic sense when arranging flowers. Don't jam them into unsuitable bowls. Give them space. Full-blown roses are best arranged (with stems removed) on flat plates or dishes. Effective, last longer.

I'M told that rhubarb leaves boiled in a saucepan will remove stains and any discoloration—from the inside, of course!

* * *

APPLY the stitch-in-time policy to a dress or blouse that is wearing thin at the elbows. Stitch fine net inside the sleeves, making what we call "invisible" stitches.

* * *

MY very efficient neighbor tells me that bone handles of knives that have become discolored can be whitened this way: Rub them with peroxide of hydrogen and then wash in warm, soapy water. Never let the handles of knives soak in hot washing-up water.

* * *

DON'T discard suede shoes because they are rubbed and greasy. Dip a clean cloth in hot water to which a little ammonia has been added and rub shoes carefully with this. Leave to dry and then brush up shoes with a wire brush. Now apply your cleaner in the usual way.

SUFFERERS FROM
FACIAL HAIRS—

should give "Vanix" the opportunity to do for them what it has done for thousands of others.

"VANIX"

a product of The Van Schuyler (Aust.) Co., is a scientific discovery of Paul Van Schuyler, which firstly devitalizes and then destroys the hairs. It has no detrimental effect on the skin, and is simple and pleasant to use. "VANIX" is priced at 5/11 a bottle (6/3½ posted) from Hallam Pty., Ltd., 310 George St., Sydney, and all 12 Branches; Swift's Pharmacy, 372 Lit. Collins St., Melb.; The Myer Emporium, Bourke St., Melb.; C. A. Edwards, 236 Edwards St., Brisbane; and Birks Chemists Ltd., 55 Rundle St., Adelaide.

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These are coupon-savers

THIS SMART JACKET was made by an enterprising reader from a man's discarded dressing-gown and wins 5/- in our coupon-saving contest. Every week prizes are awarded readers who help their country by saving coupons. Send your bright suggestion to The Australian Women's Weekly now.

● Several more readers win cash prizes for bright ideas.

ILLUSTRATED at right is a very nice dressing-gown, which wins the main prize of £1 this week.

This was made by Mrs. J. B. Cox, of Goulburn, N.S.W., from the best parts of worn and torn tapestry curtains and a valance.

Mrs. Cox brought the gown along with the worn and torn pieces to our offices. "I was going to burn the curtains and then, after a close inspection, thought I'd see whether I could get a wearable and much-needed dressing-gown out of them and so save 14 coupons," said Mrs. Cox. "It was not easy, but I am pleased with the result. I used a simple pattern, but I had to join here and there in order to avoid worn parts."

SNAPPY JACKET

THE jacket shown left was entered by Mrs. W. T. Bennett, of Balmain, N.S.W., and wins 5/- in our coupon-saving contest. This was made over from a man's dressing-gown which was badly worn at the "seat."

In case any of you would like to copy the idea, here are Mrs. Bennett's instructions:

Unpick all seams and remove trimmings. Unpick pockets and cuffs of sleeves and press all pieces. Cut jacket straight across above the worn part and case the hem with a strip from the bottom part of gown. No pattern is needed. Just simply trim edges and seam together. Put two darts in back of coat and put pockets back on the front. Put sleeves back and just shape a little at top.

AFTER YEARS of yeoman service tapestry curtains with valance enter a new life in the form of a dressing-gown as pictured above.

OLD SLIPPERS converted into toe-peepers and refurbished offer long and attractive service. See full description for renovating slippers at right.

SLIPPER SAVING

MISS OLWYN CORDINGLY, of Rockhampton, Queensland, is awarded 5/- for her method of rejuvenating old slippers. Note illustration.

When toes of slippers wear just cut out worn part of each and bind the felt with ½ or ¾in. ribbon. Sew a little flower or bow of ribbon on the front and oversew around the top of slipper, then using a darning needle filled with strands of vari-colored cotton pass through the oversewn stitches. This makes a pretty finish. The rough edges on the sole of slippers (at toes) can be blanket-stitched with black darning wool.

BABY'S CARDIGAN *costs nothing*

MRS. J. CULLIVER, of North Shore, Victoria, sent along picture and diagrams showing how she made a bonny cardigan for her one-year-old from the sleeves of her husband's woven cardigan which had worn at the cuffs. Sleeves were opened out, pattern placed on material, cut out, machined. Neck and front were faced with suitable scrap material.

Result: Her husband has a pullover, Baby Culliver has a cardigan, and Mrs. Culliver collects 5/- in our weekly coupon-saving contest.

Now send in your coupon-saving idea. It may win you honors, cash, and will certainly inspire other readers to make-over or transform garments, etc., that would otherwise be relegated to the rag-bag.

Address your coupon-saving idea, together with full description of article, sketch, or photograph and negative, to Eve Gye, Editor of The Australian Women's Weekly Homemaker Department.

Soothes rough Chapped Skin

The trade-mark Vaseline is your assurance that you are getting the genuine product of the Chesebrough Manufacturing Company.

IT'S GREAT FUN ...modelling with Plasticine

IT'S thrilling to see your ideas take shape with the aid of this marvellous modelling material. "Plasticine" provides countless hours of amusement and instruction. Ask at your local store.

HARBUTT'S Plasticine

Agents: Ponsford, Newman & Benson, 234 Flinders Lane, MELBOURNE & 56 York Street, SYDNEY

Straight from the Rubbish Tin to Baby

You are meticulous in your care for baby's personal hygiene.. but what of Flies and Mosquitoes? . . . They are not only a nuisance but a positive danger, coming straight from filthy, polluted places to bite and deposit their thousands of germs on such defenceless little mites, well then ..

It is up to you to destroy those flies and mosquitoes!

KILL THEM WITH SHELLTOX

DEATH TO EVERY PEST

THE SHELL COMPANY OF AUSTRALIA LIMITED (Incorporated in England) ST421

Pimples Go Cause Killed in 3 Days

The very first application of Nixoderm begins to clear away pimples. Use Nixoderm tonight and you will soon see your skin becoming soft, smooth, and clear. Nixoderm is a new discovery that kills germs and parasites on the skin that cause Pimples, Boils, Red Blotches, Eczema, Ringworm, and Eruptions. You can't get rid of your skin troubles until you remove the germs that hide in the tiny pores of your skin. Get Nixoderm from your chemist or store today under the positive guarantee that Nixoderm will banish pimples and clear your skin soft and smooth or money back on return of empty package.

Nixoderm now 2/-

3 times the quantity for .. 4/-

Meet RICHARD PAUNCEFOOT PETTICAN — The sourest "heavy breakfast" man Until we changed his ugly fate.

and switched RICE BUBBLES to his plate!

These delicious bubbles of crispness are so light and digestible they lay practically no stress on your stomach at all. So change to Kellogg's Rice Bubbles and have a new, exciting and sustaining breakfast. When you have Kellogg's Rice Bubbles every morning you feel ever so much better right through the morning.

"Rice Bubbles" are utterly distinct from any other ready-to-eat cereal. Product and process are protected by Australian Letters Patent, Nos. 16524/28; 16525/28. "Rice Bubbles" is the trade mark of Kellogg's (Aust.) Pty. Ltd., for oven-popped rice.

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Fashion PATTERNS

PLEASE NOTE!

TO ensure prompt despatch of patterns ordered by post you should: ★ Write your name and full address in block letters. ★ Be sure to include necessary stamps and postal notes. ★ State size required. ★ For children state age of child. ★ Use box numbers given on concession coupon.

NEEDLEWORK NOTIONS

Boy's summer suit

TUBBABLE suit for the small boy (279) is available from our Needlework Department. Pattern is traced on hard-wearing linette in shades of green, lemon, pink, blue, ecru (deep cream), and white.

It is extremely simple to cut out and make up. Wide seams are allowed so that the suit can be worn for a few seasons.

Made with a small Peter Pan collar, shaped yoke, belted waistline and tailored trousers, the suit is priced at 4/11 for 2 to 4-year-olds (5 coupons), and 5/11 for 4 to 8-year-olds (5 coupons). Please add 6½d. for postage.

Paper pattern only 1/4. Please quote No. 279.

279

280

Snappy girl's frock

THE snappy frock shown right comes to you traced on good quality British dimity in pink, blue, green, and lemon tones on a white background, ready to cut out and make up.

As you can see it features a neat collar, shaped waistband, gathered bodice and skirt. Available in sizes to fit 4 to 6 years, 6/11 (7 coupons), 6 to 8 years, 7/11 (7 coupons). Postage is 9½d. Paper pattern only, price 1/4. Please quote 281.

281

SEND TO THIS ADDRESS: Adelaide: Box 388A, G.P.O. Brisbane: Box 409F, G.P.O. Melbourne: Box 183C, G.P.O. Newcastle: Box 41, G.P.O. Perth: Box 491G, G.P.O. Sydney: Box 4088W, G.P.O. If calling, 178 Castlereagh St. Tasmania: Write to The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 185C, G.P.O., Melbourne. New Zealand: Write to Sydney Office.

Heart-shaped duchesse set . . .

THIS charming heart-shaped duchesse set (280) has an "Old-World" air about it which appeals to most needlewomen.

Available from our Needlework Department, the set is traced on organdie in shades of lemon, green, pink, and blue.

The embroidery is very simple to work, for it is done entirely in buttonhole, stem-stitch, and french knots. The edge is done in buttonhole.

The set, which consists of centre and two small mats, costs 3/11, and postage 3½d.

SPECIAL CONCESSION PATTERN

UNDIE SET FOR CHILDREN. SIZES 4 TO 10 YEARS.

No. 1—Slip. Requires 1½yds., 36ins. wide.
No. 2—Nightie. Requires 2½yds., 36ins. wide.
No. 3—Panties. Require ⅝yd., 36ins. wide.

F2280.—Flattering but simply tailored blouse. 32 to 38 bust. Requires 1¾yds. and ⅜yd. contrast, 36ins. wide. Pattern, 1/4.

F3302.—Attractive button-down-the-front style for small girls 6 to 12 years. Requires 2½yds., 36ins. wide. Pattern, 1/4.

F2113. — Smart, boxy jacket with extended shoulders and patch pockets. 32 to 38 bust. Requires 1¾yds., 54ins. wide. Pattern, 1/7.

F3283.—Charming frock to make you look as slim as a willow. 32 to 38 bust. Requires 3¾yds. and ½yd. contrast, 36ins. wide. Pattern, 1/7.

F3254.—Well-cut frock for smart matrons, 38 to 44 bust. Requires 5yds., 36ins. wide. Pattern, 1/7.

Concession Coupon

AVAILABLE for one month from date of issue. 3d. stamp must be forwarded for each coupon enclosed. Patterns over one month old 3d. extra. Send your order to "Pattern Department," to the address in your State, as under:

Box 388A, G.P.O., Adelaide. Box 4088W, G.P.O., Sydney.
Box 491G, G.P.O., Perth. Box 185C, G.P.O., Melbourne.
Box 409F, G.P.O., Brisbane. Box 41, G.P.O., Newcastle.
Tasmania: Box 185C, G.P.O., Melbourne.
N.Z.: Box 4088W, G.P.O., Sydney. (N.Z. readers use money orders only.) Patterns may be called for or obtained by post.

PRINT NAME AND ADDRESS CLEARLY IN BLOCK LETTERS.

NAME .....

STREET .....

SUBURB .....

TOWN .....

STATE ..... SIZE ..... Pattern Coupon 14/11/42

Fashion Frock Service

"PEGGY" is an attractive suit, tailored and slim-fitting, and is obtainable from our Fashion Frock Department, ready to wear or cut out ready to make yourself, in sky, saxe, pink, red, lemon, white, turquoise, and London-tan linen.

There is also a **very limited** supply of this suit in British wool crepe, in grey, mid-brown, granite, rose, and saxe. The woollen suits are available **ready to wear only.**

Suit ready to wear in linen. 32, 34, 36-inch bust, 39/11. 38 and 40-inch bust, 42/11. Plus 17 coupons. In woollen, 32, 34, 36-inch bust, 45/6. 38 and 40-inch bust, 48/6. Plus 17 coupons.

Suit cut out in linen. 32, 34, 36-inch bust, 27/6. 38 and 40-inch bust, 29/11. Plus 12 coupons.

Postage 1/6½ extra.

The "PEGGY" blouse is made in rayon crepe-de-chine in white, blue, pink, and mauve.

Blouse ready to wear. 32, 34, 36-inch bust, 17/6. 38 and 40-inch bust, 18/11. Plus 8 coupons.

Blouse cut out only. 32, 34, 36-inch bust, 11/6. 38 and 40-inch bust, 12/3. Plus 7 coupons.

Postage 1/0½ extra.

How to obtain "PEGGY" blouse and suit. In N.S.W. obtain postal note for required amount and send to Box 3488, G.P.O., Sydney. In other States use address given at left. When ordering be sure to state bust measurement and name of model.

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Salads to grow ... and to eat

● Now that the summer is nearly here you should sow or plant the following vegetables —says OUR HOME GARDENER

IDEALT with ways and means of raising big-hearted lettuces recently on this page. But you'll want big juicy tomatoes, crisp cool cucumbers, appetising red beetroots, carrots, curly celery, etc.

Prepare your soil well in advance by deep digging, for most vegetables have long roots and need ample feed if they are to be succulent.

Old manure, some well-balanced fertiliser, leaf mould, a good spade, a Dutch hoe, a good fork, the right sort of varieties for home-growing, and that kitchen plot should never look back.

Tomatoes are gross feeders, but they like their food balanced, not lop-sided, that is, too much nitrogen or too much phosphoric acid. Four parts of superphosphate and one part each of sulphate of ammonia and potash, and a good handful to each plant when they seem to be hanging fire, and those juicy, almost squirty, tomatoes will be almost in your basket.

Plenty of food and ample (not too much) water, and the big Ponderosa, Beefsteak, and Spark's Earliana (three of the best backyard varieties of tomato) will quickly add color to your home-grown salad.

Cucumbers, like most cucurbits, are gluttons, and feed with their feet in the trough. Everything you can give them in the way of plant food and moisture never goes amiss.

GIRLS AT WORK in one of our big nurseries. They're transplanting vegetable seedlings — and love the job.

Too late to sow onions except as salad garnishers, but you can get a big crop if you feed them well.

Beetroots and carrots go in the same class as parsnips — they hate fresh manure. That idle patch where you grew winter cabbage or cauliflower will suit them admirably. Manchester Table and Early Nantes are two good carrots for immediate sowing. The best beetroot is Crimson Globe, with Detroit Improved Red running it a close second. There never was more than one parsnip worth sowing—Hollow Crown.

SURFER'S FOOT

GERMS thrive in hot steaming feet

Be on your guard against this crippling infection. Look between your toes at night. If the skin is cracked, moist and pulpy or itchy, it is probably due to Surfer's Foot. Don't delay — treat this stubborn infection with IODEX, which kills the germs and quickly soothes and heals the damaged tissues.

In severe cases see your doctor.

IODEX NO-STAIN IODINE

FROM ALL CHEMISTS

NO-WAITING TONIC

Have you to-day the vigour, enterprise and staying power that mean so much in business, social life, and personal happiness? Or are you listless, run - down, lacking in energy? There's a remedy . . . quick, certain and pleasant. Take just one glass of WINCARNIS, the "No-waiting Tonic," and you'll feel a wave of strength surging through your body. Continue regularly and in a short while you'll feel livelier, more alert, able to snap your fingers at the worries and weariness of war-strain.

WINCARNIS enriches your blood, fortifies the nerves and brain. Made from rich, full-bodied wine, and containing two important fortifying vitamins, it is a wonderful tonic for men and women of all ages. Over 26,000 recommendations from medical men prove its value. Ask your chemist for WINCARNIS, and face up to your future with happy confidence.***

MEDICO helps you . . .

Solve the school lunch problem

"AND he won't eat the lunch I give him for school, doctor," said Mrs. Stevenson plaintively as I was examining her pale-faced seven-year-old.

"Bobby likes to buy his lunch. It's usually lollies and a meat pie, I fear. The other two are not so difficult . . .

"I don't suppose you can help me, doctor, but my biggest daily worry is to give the children a school lunch that will be nourishing and attractive."

As a matter of fact, Mrs. Stevenson, I realise that the school lunch is important to the child's nutrition. I can help you. I know that every school rubbish-bin is half-filled with uneaten lunches.

It is a wise mother who plans her lunches several days ahead, then in the morning she has everything at her finger-tips. She thus saves valuable time, and she is able to give her children—and menfolk—a balanced lunch. With a little thought and ingenuity, it can become an appetising and health-giving meal.

Let us see, then, what exactly can be managed. First of all, the packing. The lunch has to stand up to a good bit of wear and tear, so it is a good idea to pack it in a tin or a firm cardboard box. Be sure the box is clean and sweet-smelling.

MAKE the school lunch attractive as well as nourishing and children will eat it—not throw it away.

Combating the sandwich

SEPARATE containers for food that is hard to carry open up new fields—glass screw-topped jars for the grown-up and waxed-paper containers for the children, to avoid breakages in the rough and tumble of school life. Stewed fruits, salads, and meat jellies can be carried this way.

Individual tastes differ, of course, but it is possible to avoid the inevitable sandwich. Eggs can be prepared in many different ways. Hard-boiled eggs carry well and are quite digestible. Fruit can be more than just the "apple a day." Grated carrot, tomato, and egg salad, wrapped in lettuce leaves and enclosed in greaseproof paper, will tempt the most dainty appetite

Lunches with variety and vitamins: Sandwiches cannot be dispensed with altogether, and eggs, cheese, fish, meat, dates and nuts are a few suggestions for fillings.

Tomato should not be sliced for a carried lunch. Pack it whole to be eaten like an apple.

Amongst the nutritious luxuries which you may have to forgo during wartime are:

CROSSE & BLACKWELL'S FISH & MEAT PASTES

but anticipation will whet the appetite of all Australians again when supplies are available.

Agent: S. Parker Wood P.O. Box 1641, J.J. G.P.O. Sydney

Britain's famous-for-hard-wear Rayon

Hoyle's Merriespun (Reg. Trade Mark 77597)

Guaranteed fast, crease-resisting and washable

ORDINARY RAYON

ROUGH! Even without a magnifying glass you can see how surface of ordinary rayons comes up rough and woolly even after one or two washings. That's why ordinary rayons feel hot and unpleasantly fussy against the skin.

HOYLE'S MERRIESPUN

SMOOTH! Even a magnifying glass won't show the wisp of a hair on surface of Hoyle's Merriespun after long and constant washing. That's why this dainty English rayon always feels delightfully cool against your skin.

And it's the first rayon to stay smooth . . . even with constant washing

By the Yard or in Ready-made Frocks

Hoyle's Merriespun, per yard, 3½ coupons
Short-Sleeve frocks . . . . . 12 coupons
Long-Sleeve frocks . . . . . 13 coupons

CEPEA Hoyle's FABRICS

Another winner by Cepea Fabrics

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Arnott's "on service"

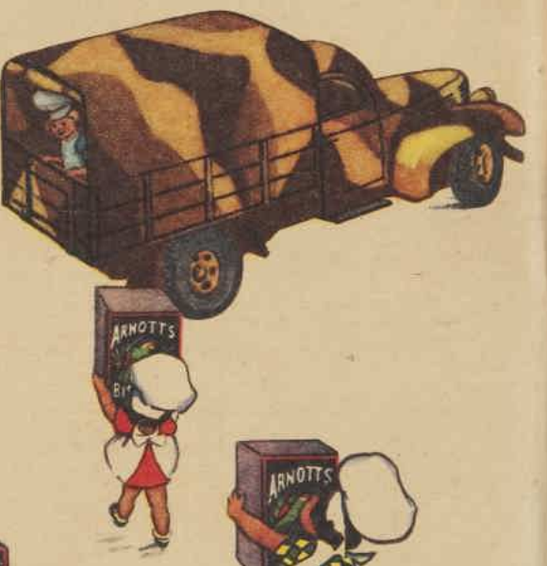
Dear Sirs:

My grocer cannot supply some of my favourite biscuits. Have you stopped making them?

Dear Madam:

Our factories are working at full capacity. Arnott's Biscuits are "On Service" on every Australian battle front. We have removed many lines from our lists to enable us to fulfil war orders, and we look forward to that happy day when supplies will once again be ample.

Grocers everywhere are assisting us to distribute fairly our available supplies and avoid disappointment to our many friends.



PLEASE RETURN ALL EMPTY TINS TO YOUR GROCER AS SOON AS POSSIBLE.

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